

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1888.

CONTENTS.

1. A CHAUNTE ROYAL, IN HONOUR OF THE MOST PURE MOTHER OF GOD. <i>By Frederick Rolfe</i>	1
2. THE SEVEN SERVITE SAINTS. <i>By the Rev. E. G. Swainson, O.S.M.</i>	4
3. THE ALLEGED ANTIQUITY OF ANGLICANISM. Second Article. The true character of Norman and Plantagenet resistance to the Popes. <i>By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith.</i>	17
4. ODE TO SPRING	41
5. THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS. <i>By the Editor</i>	42
6. THE EXAMINATION SYSTEM. <i>By John K. Leys</i>	52
7. FATHER HENRY GARNET AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. II. <i>By John H. Pollen.</i>	58
8. THE SACRAMENT OF SACRAMENTS. <i>By the Rev. William Humphrey</i>	74
9. PILGRIMAGE OF SAINTE-ANNE D'AURAY. <i>By Anna Hervé</i>	88
10. IN THE SUNDERBUND FOREST. An Encounter with a Buffalo.	96
11. LOST! A London Mystery. <i>By Norman Stuart</i>	101
REVIEWS	118
1. Life of Blessed John Fisher. <i>By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R.</i>	
2. Life of Blessed Father John Forest, O.S.F. <i>By the Rev. Father Thaddeus, O.S.F.</i>	
3. Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent. Translated by the Rev. J. Waterworth.	
4. St. Peter, Bishop of Rome. <i>By the Rev. T. Livius, C.S.S.R.</i>	
5. Mistakes of Modern Infidels. <i>By the Rev. G. R. Northgraves.</i>	
6. Songs of a Lifetime. <i>By Eliza Allen Starr.</i>	
7. Life of St. Bridget of Sweden. <i>By the late F. J. M. A. Partridge.</i>	
8. Life of St. Winefride. Edited by Thomas Swift, S.J.	
9. Speculum Virtutis.	
10. The New Social Order. <i>By John Fordyce.</i>	
LITERARY RECORD	143
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

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O'erhead the fragrant boughs did interlace,
Soft grass was underfoot, four rivers rolled
Round reedy islets in this lovely place.
Amid the flowers which bloomed in golden light,
Fair Eva strayed with purity bedight ;
Herself the fairest flower, a rose of spring,
A maid immaculate, whom, wondering,
The angels gazed on, as a type of thee,
To whom my muse her feeble song would bring,
Mother of God and stainless Maid, Marie !

2.

And as she wandered o'er the verdant wold
And sloping lawns, she fell on evil case ;
The subtle serpent lurked within the fold
To lure and catch her by contrivance base.
So did th' arch enemy do her despite,
And sin came in the world. Ah, hapless plight !

To man, Heaven's noblest work, a curse did cling
His innocence was gone, doomed to the sting
Of death eterne, the dark grave's victory ;
Natheless thyself into the breach didst fling,
Mother of God and stainless Maid, Marie !

3.

Then upon man came hunger, thirst and cold,
And man his brother slew with dire menace ;
The enemy was glad in his stronghold,
And monstrous ill befell the guilty race.
The sky was covered with thick clouds of night ;
As, when the ocean rages in its might
Great crested waves upon the floods upspring
Black darkness reigned, the moon ceased her shining,
Till thou didst rise, O bright Star of the Sea,
To cheer the shipwrecked ones by thy Dawning,
Mother of God and stainless Maid, Marie !

4.

But when the night was darkest, silver stoled,
Great Gabriel came down from that high Place,
Where Light ineffable he did behold
To the pure Maiden, Marie, full of grace.
"Ave," he chaunted, flying from the height,
He bore a lily, her fair soul as white,
An amber radiance round him glittering ;
And at the rustling of th' Archangel's wing
The "Stella Maris" shined upon the sea,
And "Ave, Ave," did the angels sing,
Mother of God and stainless Maid, Marie !

5.

And as th' Eternal Wisdom had foretold ;
 (When He from Eva stained withdrew His Face),
A second stainless maiden should unfold
 The Gate of Heaven to the human race.
So did He form this Maiden, Marie hight,
(Fair as the moon and as the sun as bright),
 To man in outer darkness sojourning,
 And tortured souls in Limbo anguishing
And straining eyes across the stormy sea,
 An Argosy of benison to bring :
Mother of God and stainless Maid, Marie !

ENVOY.

Queen of the Angels, Mother of the King !
Give me a place with all the Saints to sing
 Amid the lilies of that fair City,
Where the harps of quires of Angels ever ring,
 Mother of God and stainless Maid, Marie !

FREDERICK ROLFE.

The Seven Servite Saints.

ONE of the most striking incidents of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo the Thirteenth was the magnificent ceremony which took place in Rome on the 15th of January, when the Holy Father, surrounded by a brilliant *cortège* of Cardinals and some four hundred Bishops, and in the presence of a vast assemblage of the faithful of various countries, solemnly pronounced the canonization of ten new Saints, three of these, St. Peter Claver, St. John Berchmans, and St. Alphonsus Rodriguez having been members of the Society of Jesus, and the other seven being the seven Blessed Founders of the Order of the Servants of Mary. There are few Catholics to whom the names of the three new Jesuit Saints are not familiar, but the seven Servite Saints are comparatively unknown. A brief account therefore of their lives and labours will doubtless prove of interest to the readers of THE MONTH.

In retracing their history, we must carry back our minds some six centuries and a half to the most brilliant period of the middle ages. For they were born in the pontificate of Innocent the Third, that illustrious Pope who is immortalized in the pages of Hurter as the impersonation of all that was greatest and most heroic in the ages of faith. Their native city, the fair city of Florence, was at that time one of the largest and most important towns of Italy, for at the commencement of the thirteenth century it possessed a population of about eighty thousand souls who were divided into three classes, the nobles, the merchants and tradesmen, and the people. These three classes constituted a brave and intelligent people who had already shown their capabilities in preceding centuries, but who during the thirteenth raised their city to the height of prosperity and rendered the name of Florence as illustrious in the domain of literature and art, as in that of commerce or of war. The city of Dante and Giotto was also the city of great merchants and bankers whose operations extended to all the

then known parts of the globe, and the mercantile activity of the Florentines did not prevent them from engaging with equal energy in the pursuits of war, and having a numerous and well disciplined army of their own. Though they willingly acknowledged the suzerainty of the Pope, their haughty and independent spirit could brook the rule of no absolute master, and the chief effort of their policy during the thirteenth century was to establish themselves as an independent republic. Hence arose a constant struggle between the citizens and the feudal nobility of the surrounding country, and an incessant rivalry with Siena and the other cities of Tuscany. Within the city itself there also existed fatal elements of discord. Although the great majority of the inhabitants were devoted to the cause of the Pope, nevertheless a number of the most powerful nobles sided with the Emperor, and the city was often the scene of the fratricidal strife between Guelph and Ghibelline. The violence of Florentine factions is vividly realized in the history of the strife between the Uberti and the Buondelmonti which broke out in 1215, and lasted for four years, all the citizens taking part on one side or the other, and the six quarters of the city being formed into six armed camps. Florence was for the most part profoundly Catholic, and counted within her walls no less than thirty-six parishes, and a very large number of churches, convents, and monasteries. Nevertheless owing to their passion for pleasures and amusements of every description a considerable number of Florentines had fallen victims to a heresy of the most deadly kind, the old Manichæism appearing under the modern name of Catharism, a hideous mixture of abject materialism with the vilest immorality. Nowhere does this terrible heresy seem to have taken deeper root than in Florence, where it had the support of many of the most influential citizens, and where eventually its rancorous hatred of Catholicism brought on a struggle between the faithful and the heretics as fierce and deadly as that between Guelph and Ghibelline.

It was amid such stormy surroundings that our seven Saints grew up to manhood. They were all members of rich and noble families, but kept themselves entirely aloof from the bitter political factions in which their friends and relatives were engaged, and devoted themselves with an all-absorbing zeal to the sanctification of their souls, and the practice of heroic virtue. But little comparatively is known of their infancy and youth, and

it is only in the year 1233 that they emerge from their obscurity, and appear in the light of a miraculous event which history has handed down to us, and which changed the whole current of their lives. At this time they were all in the prime of life. St. Bonfilius Monaldi was thirty-five, St. Alexis Falconieri thirty-three, St. Manetto (Benedict dell' Antella) thirty, St. Amideus (Bartholomew Amidei), and St. Hugh (Ricovero Lippi or Ugucioni) twenty-nine, St. Sosthenes (Gerard Sostegni) twenty-eight, and St. Bonajuncta (John Manetti) twenty-seven. They were already united together in the bonds of Christian friendship, through having belonged for some years to the same confraternity of the Blessed Virgin, that of the "Laudesi," which was composed of members of the chief Florentine nobility, who forgetting for a time their political enmities met together in fraternal union at the feet of Mary, to implore her protection, to celebrate her feasts with greater solemnity, and in particular to sing pious hymns in her praise, whence their name of "Laudesi," or "Praisers."

On the feast of the Assumption, in the year 1233, the seven friends were together in the chapel of the confraternity, where they had celebrated the great festival of Mary's triumph with their usual devotion. The other members of the confraternity had left the chapel, and the seven young men had remained behind to meditate upon the glory of their beloved Mother, when suddenly in the midst of a dazzling light the Immaculate Queen of Heaven appeared to them, attended by angels, and graciously smiling upon them, addressed to them the following words: "Leave the world, and withdraw together into solitude in order to conquer yourselves, and live entirely for God. Thus shall you enjoy the consolations of Heaven. My protection and my help shall never fail you." The vision then disappeared, leaving them motionless with astonishment and joy. Each one was desirous of communicating what he had seen to the others, but felt at a loss how to do so, till at last, St. Bonfilius put an end to their embarrassment by announcing to his six companions the vision which he had just witnessed, and joyfully heard from them that they had received the same favour. After mutual consultation, they agreed to obey the command of the Blessed Virgin, and St. Bonfilius being the eldest was chosen to decide and to act for the rest. His first business was to consult the pious priest, James di Poggibonzi, who was the director of the confraternity, and the confessor and intimate friend of the

seven Saints. He decided that the vision was a veritable apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and that they were bound to carry out her commands. The task which was thus proposed to them was humanly speaking impossible, for only three of their number, St. Alexis, St. Manetto, and St. Hugh, were unmarried, the other four were the fathers of families, two of them being widowers, and two having wives still living. Certainly the spectacle of a husband parting from his wife, or of a father parting from his children, must be a scandal to the world, that refuses to recognize the supreme claims of Almighty God. Yet a Christian must look upon it with the eyes of faith, remembering the words of Jesus Christ: "He that loveth wife or children more than Me is not worthy of Me." Nothing can excuse such a separation except an express revelation from Heaven, and the only question is whether such a revelation had been really made or not to these four Florentine noblemen. That Holy Church has canonized them is a sufficient answer. At any rate in the short space of twenty-three days, the various ties that bound our seven Saints to the world had been severed, due provision had been made for the wives and children, and the friends were free on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin to carry out her commands. On that day, accompanied by their pious director, James di Poggibonzi, and having chosen St. Bonfilius for their father and Superior, they withdrew to a small dwelling called *La Camarzia*, at a short distance from the city, and there clothed in coarse grey habits they began to lead a life of poverty, prayer, and penance, under the special protection of their heavenly Patroness. A few days afterwards they returned to Florence to obtain the blessing of the Bishop on their new mode of life, and on passing through the streets, where they excited the admiration of the good and the ridicule of the impious, they were saluted in a miraculous manner by little children in the arms of their mothers who cried out: "Behold the Servants of Mary! Behold the Servants of Mary!" This miraculous event was repeated a few months afterwards when St. Alexis and St. Bonajuncta appeared in Florence to beg for alms. St. Philip Benizi, then an infant of five months and carried in his mother's arms, exclaimed on their approach: "Mother, see the Servants of Mary; give them an alms."

Their solitude at *Camarzia* being disturbed by the influx of visitors, attracted by their reputation for sanctity, they obtained from the Bishop of Florence, in obedience, it is said,

to another heavenly revelation, the gift of a new site distant about ten miles from their native city. This was the celebrated Monte Senario, to which they withdrew on the vigil of the Ascension, May 31, 1234. In a short space of time they erected here a modest hermitage, with an oratory, in which they recited every day the Divine Office and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, rising at midnight, winter and summer, to recite Matins and Lauds. For about six years they led a life of solitude, prayer, and penance on this holy mountain, observing the strictest abstinence from meat and wine, and passing a great part of their time in penitential exercises in the grottos of the mountain, in imitation of the ancient Fathers of the Desert.

In 1238 an important event took place in their history. The Cardinal-Legate Godfrey, and Ardingo, Bishop of Florence, paid a visit to Monte Senario, and whilst they admired the virtue of the holy solitaries, they warned them of the danger of carrying their rigorous penances to extremes. In their humility the seven Saints were willing to renounce their own views in favour of whatever their Superiors should direct, and they begged the Bishop to draw up precise rules for them, which they would obey to the letter. The Bishop told them that in a matter of such grave importance they must invoke the aid of Heaven, and bade them offer up special prayers for this intention, adding that he thought that they ought not to refuse, as they had hitherto done, the petitions of those who wished to join them in their retreat. The prayers, which the holy solitaries offered up in obedience to the Bishop's command, were answered miraculously. On February 27, 1239, they beheld with astonishment that a vine, which they had planted some days previously, was now covered with green leaves, and its branches laden with ripe fruit. They communicated this prodigy to the Bishop, who, being himself a man of great sanctity, invoked the aid of Heaven for its interpretation, and the following night he had a vision, in which he saw a vine with seven branches, from which proceeded other smaller branches bearing an abundance of leaves, flowers, and fruit. The Mother of God, resplendent with beauty, appeared to him, and told him that it was necessary at all costs to propagate the vine, repeating the words of Holy Scripture: "As the vine, I have brought forth a pleasant odour, and my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches."¹

¹ Ecclus. xxiv. 23.

The Bishop, in announcing this vision to the seven Saints, declared that the will of Heaven was now sufficiently manifest: they must no longer devote themselves exclusively to their own sanctification, but must open their doors to others, and commence in the world the apostolate of souls. The holy solitaries in profound humility accepted the new career marked out for them by Heaven, and under the direction of St. Bonfilius, redoubled their prayers for light to see the precise nature of the Order which they were called upon to found. More than a year elapsed, and their prayers were not answered; but in Holy Week of the year 1240 they commenced a triduum in preparation for Easter Sunday, feeling a presentiment that the Most Holy Virgin was now about to deliver to them her final instructions. On the night of Good Friday, April 13, 1240, whilst praying in their oratory, the Saints were rapt in ecstasy, and beheld a glorious vision. The Blessed Mother of God appeared to them more radiant than the sun, accompanied by a multitude of angels, some of them bearing the insignia of the Passion, others carrying in their hands black religious habits. One of the angels displayed an open book, another the word "Servi" surrounded with golden rays, whilst a third bore a palm of victory. The Blessed Virgin held in her hands the black habit of the Order, and addressing the seven Saints, she said: "It is I, the Mother of God! I am here in answer to the prayers which you have so often addressed to me. I have chosen you the first to be my Servants, in order that under this name you may cultivate the vine of my Son. Behold here the habit which I wish you to wear; it will recall by its dark colour the sorrows which I endured on this day, in witnessing the death of my only Son. Receive too this Rule of Augustine, in order that, adorned with the golden title of my Servants, you may obtain this palm of eternal life." Having thus spoken, Mary disappeared. She had now completed the work which she had commenced seven years ago by her first apparition in the oratory of the Laudesi, on the feast of her Assumption in the year 1233.

Thus the Immaculate Queen of Heaven deigned to be herself the Foundress of the Order of her Servants, and gave to it its name, its habit, its characteristic mark, and its Rule; and the seven holy Florentines never regarded themselves in any other light except as the executors of her wishes, and the first among her servants. Although all other religious Orders

venerate Mary as their Queen and Protectress, nevertheless this particular Order was to belong to her by close and special ties ; its members were to give themselves to God by devoting themselves heart and soul to His holy Mother, and it was to be their mission to recall to a sensual and forgetful world the memory of Mary's ineffable sorrows, and to point out devotion to the Sorrowful Mother as the surest passport to the Heart of the Crucified Son. This devotion to Mary found expression in the Rosary of the Seven Dolours, in the touching ceremony of the *Maria Desolata* on the evening of Good Friday, the blessing of flowers and the Coronation of our Lady on Holy Saturday, the recitation of the Angelic Salutation at the commencement of the Divine Office and the Holy Mass, and of the *Salve Regina* at the end of Mass and Compline, and the adoption of the name of Mary by all the Fathers and Brothers of the Order. The thought of Mary was to be ever in their hearts, and her sweet name ever on their lips.

Many years were to elapse before the Order received the definite approval of the Holy See. Following in the steps of its heavenly Patroness, it had to tread the *Via Dolorosa*, and pass through many grievous trials, and endure much opposition, before its place was secured to it in Holy Church. Its enemies had nearly succeeded in destroying it, when Pope Alexander the Fourth took its cause in hand, and is justly regarded as one of the greatest benefactors of the Order. He bestowed upon it so many favours, especially by the recognition of the authority of the Prior General in a Bull dated May 13, 1259, that it was at last established upon a permanent footing. But even after these signal favours on the part of the Holy See, the Order was more than once on the very verge of suppression, especially by the Popes Innocent the Fifth and Martin the Fourth, owing to the Decrees of the Lateran Council of 1215, which forbade the foundation of any new Orders in addition to those already existing. But finally the Blessed Benedict the Eleventh, of the Order of St. Dominic, enabled it to triumph over all opposition by approving it in the most express manner with all the plenitude of his apostolic authority. This happy event took place in the year 1304, on the 11th of February, the very day which was subsequently to be the festival of the seven saintly founders.

Another Dominican Saint had already done good service to the Order by encouraging the saintly founders, in the very

commencement of their enterprise, to persevere in their holy vocation. This was the celebrated Peter of Verona, that illustrious champion of the Catholic faith, whom the Church venerates under the title of St. Peter Martyr. On his visit to Florence towards the close of the year 1243, the Saint had been favoured with a vision, in which he beheld a mountain all shining with light and blooming with flowers, pre-eminent amongst which were seven lilies of exquisite whiteness and sweetest perfume. These lilies were gathered by angels and presented to the Blessed Virgin, who received them with delight. St. Peter was ignorant of the meaning of this vision until he had made the acquaintance of the seven Saints. As they had been attending the sermons which he was then preaching in Florence, they had already conceived a profound veneration for him, and subsequently they took him for their spiritual guide and director. He visited them at Monte Senario, and there he was favoured with another apparition of the Blessed Virgin, who ordered him to assure her Servants of her constant protection, and her wish that they should bear her name, and observe the Rule of St. Augustine which she had already given them. Great was the joy of the seven Saints on hearing of this new mark of the Divine mercy from the lips of the holy Dominican, who in the name of the Blessed Virgin bade them go on their way courageously in spite of all the opposition that might be raised against them. Encouraged by the words of St. Peter, the seven Saints were more than ever resolved to persevere in their holy vocation, and to begin without fear to apply themselves to the extension of their Order, as the Blessed Virgin had commanded them.

To speak at length of each of the seven Saints would not be possible, and indeed there is a certain similarity in their dispositions and their sanctity which renders this unnecessary. All with one accord had renounced a high position in the world, and in the flower of manhood had bidden adieu to the world and all its honours and pleasures, even the most legitimate, and all with equal ardour had striven to efface themselves in a life of hidden contemplation and vigorous penance. In each of the seven Saints we see the same humility and gentle modesty, the same childlike love of God and of His holy Mother, the same tender compassion for others, the same shrinking from all honours and distinction, the same desire to live hidden and unknown—so that the seven friends seem to

possess but one heart and one soul, and their seven lives to be but the continuation of one life, reproducing, as far as possible, the hidden virtues of their humble and gentle Patroness.

The first among the seven, both in age and position, was St. Bonfilius, who had taken the chief part in the foundation of the Order, and who had remained at the head of affairs during the first stormy years of its existence, guiding and directing his brethren with consummate prudence, and the most tender charity. It was he who received St. Philip Benizi into the Order, and his term of office had been signalized by the foundation of new houses at Siena, Pistoja, and other places, and by the miraculous painting of the face of the Blessed Virgin in the new church at Cafaggio, afterwards celebrated as the Santissima Annunziata.

After twenty-three years of superiority he resigned the generalship, and withdrew into retirement, but he was not long permitted to enjoy his well-earned repose, for he was shortly afterwards compelled to accept the office of Socius to the General, and in the labours of this office he exhausted the little strength left to him. He had returned to Monte Senario towards the end of the year 1261, being then sixty-four years of age, worn out not so much by old age as by fatigues and penances. The reward of all his toils awaited him on the night of New Year's Day, 1262. He assisted in the choir at the recitation of Matins, and at the conference which followed. Whilst engaged in this pious exercise, suddenly a voice from Heaven was heard addressing him: "Come, Bonfilius, since thou hast lent an ear to the invitation of My Son, and left all for His sake—father, mother, brothers, sisters, house and lands; since thou hast kept His commandments with stainless fidelity, thou shalt receive a hundred-fold, and possess eternal life." At these words the holy old man leant forward in his seat, and as the religious hurried round him, they found he was dead. They were on the point of giving way to their grief, when the heavenly voice was heard again: "Come, Saints of God! Hasten hither, Angels of the Lord! take this soul which has served me on earth, and bear it to the kingdom of the blessed. And you, My beloved servants, give burial to the body." At the same time the religious remarked that the face of their Father was shining like a star, and an exquisite perfume issuing from his body. All forgot their grief, and were transported with joy, and deemed it useless to sing a Mass of Requiem, when they

placed his remains under the altar with those of St. Bonajuncta, who had already preceded him to the tomb.

St. Bonajuncta, the youngest of the seven Fathers, was the first to die. As Prior of Cafaggio he had displayed that mingled character of firmness and gentleness which marks a man out as destined to the rule of others, and consequently on the resignation of St. Bonfilius in the year 1256, he was elected General in his place. He was only forty-nine years of age, but he survived his election little more than a year. He had held a General Chapter at Monte Senario, in which he had caused new constitutions to be drawn up and promulgated, when he felt that his end was at hand. Although suffering from extreme pain and weakness, he did not omit to celebrate the Holy Mass every day. At last, August 31, 1257, arrived, the day which he himself had marked out for his death. In the presence of the Fathers and Brothers at Monte Senario, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice with angelic piety, and with abundant tears, and then turning to his assembled brethren, and still wearing the sacerdotal vestments, he spoke to them in accents of burning zeal, exhorting them to the exercise of fraternal charity, and a special devotion to the Passion of Christ and the Dolours of Mary. He then desired that one of the Fathers should read the Passion of our Divine Redeemer, which he listened to with many sighs and tears, and when the reader came to the words, "Into Thy hands I commend My spirit," he repeated them after him, and resting against the altar he stretched out his hands in the form of a cross, and thus sweetly expired, his countenance, says the chronicler Mati, shining like that of an angel. This touching scene moved all who witnessed it to tears, and at the same time filled them with a heavenly joy at the thought of the eternal recompense which awaited such a death.

The next to die was St. Amideus. He had been remarkable even among his brethren for his love of the hidden life, and had arrived at so intimate a union with God, that he lived in a state of almost perpetual prayer and heavenly ecstasy. So great was the ardour of divine love which burned within his heart that he was often seen to faint away from the vehemence of its flames. He had been for many years Master of Novices, and had trained many saints to perfection, amongst them St. Philip Benizi. During his life-time he had the gift of miracles, he cured the sick and dying, drove out the demons

from possessed persons, and even raised the dead. For a year before his death, he had retired to Monte Senario, and enclosing himself in a grotto lived alone with God, and in this holy solitude death surprised him in an ecstasy of love on April 18, 1265. At the moment of his death the mountain was illumined with light, and the convent filled with an odour of exquisite sweetness.

This same year St. Manetto was elected General of the Order, having been already Provincial of Tuscany. Nature had endowed him with more than a common share of the gifts both of mind and body, and in his youth he had been as remarkable for his extreme personal beauty, as for his highly cultivated intellect. With equal courage and discretion he guided the Order safely through the perils to which it was exposed both from within and from without. In answer to a demand from the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement the Fourth, he organized a body of missionaries, and despatched them to the most distant regions of the East, where many of them received the crown of martyrdom. In 1267, owing to his advancing age and his grave infirmities, he resigned his office into the hands of St. Philip Benizi, and withdrew to his beloved Monte Senario to prepare for death. On the octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, supported in the arms of St. Philip, to whom he was tenderly attached, and repeating with him prayers and hymns in honour of our Lady, he rendered up his beautiful soul to God. Blessed indeed in his death, since he died in the arms of a Saint, with the name of Mary on his lips.

Fifteen years passed away, and then came the day on which St. Sosthenes and St. Hugh were summoned to receive their heavenly crown. Two years after the death of St. Manetto, St. Philip had taken the two Saints with him on his missionary journey into France and Germany. He left St. Sosthenes behind him in France as his Vicar-General, to preside over the different foundations which had been made either by himself, or by St. Manetto when he had visited that country to plead the cause of his Order at the Council of Lyons in 1245. St. Sosthenes resided at Paris, where he won the admiration of King Philip, son of St. Louis, who said of him that by his sanctity he had edified the whole kingdom. St. Hugh was appointed Vicar-General of Germany, and there he founded several convents in Saxony, Thuringia, Brandenburg, and

elsewhere. In 1276, the two Saints were recalled by St. Philip to Italy, and withdrew to Monte Senario to spend the rest of their lives in prayer and penance. In 1282, they were present at a General Chapter held at Viterbo, and, returning together to Monte Senario, they occupied themselves with preparing their souls for death, and indulging in ardent longings for re-union with their blessed companions in Heaven. As they reached the mountain, a heavenly voice was heard announcing to them that soon their longings would be gratified. On arriving at the convent, they fell ill together on the 3rd day of May, and after receiving the last sacraments, lying side by side on their poor pallets, they recited together the Rosary of the Seven Dolours, when suddenly two angels appeared to St. Sosthenes, and one of them, receiving his soul into his hands, took it and presented it before the throne of Mary. At this sight St. Hugh cried out, "O Sosthenes, my dearest brother, wait for me, I entreat thee, wait for thy comrade." At these words the other angel approached him, and, taking his soul, presented it with that of St. Sosthenes to the Blessed Virgin, amid the acclamations of the Court of Heaven. That night St. Philip had a vision, in which he beheld two angels who gathered two lilies of surpassing beauty from the holy mountain, and placed them in the hands of the Queen of Heaven.

One only of the seven Saints now remained on earth. This was St. Alexis Falconieri. In the Providence of God he was destined to live to the extraordinary age of one hundred and ten years, in order to preserve in the Order the spirit of its first founders, and to witness its final triumph in the approbation given it by Blessed Benedict the Eleventh. He had entered the Order at the age of thirty-three, and for seventy-seven years he had practised the most rigorous penance, fasting, for the most part, on bread and water, wearing a hair-shirt, taking the discipline every night, and sleeping on wooden boards. In his profound humility he would never accept the honour of the priesthood, nor the office of Provincial or General, which more than once was offered to him, but lived as a humble lay-brother in the house of the Santissima Annunziata, performing all the menial offices of the convent to the very end of his long life. Animated with the greatest zeal for the advancement of the Order, he was accustomed to go through the streets of Florence begging alms from the faithful, in order to build the monastery

and church at Cafaggio, and to obtain for the young students the means of perfecting their education. At last his long life came to an end, and his brethren, who regarded him with the deepest reverence and love, were called to his dying bed to witness his passage to a better life. The Saint addressed to them some touching words on his favourite virtues of humility and purity, of which he himself had been so admirable a model, for he had spent his life in the profoundest self-abjection, and in his earliest years had made a vow of virginity in the hands of the Queen of Virgins. Then he set himself to repeat the one hundred *Ave Marias* which he was accustomed to recite every day, and as the last *Ave* died upon his lips, his soul took flight into the bosom of God. Father Lapo Benizi, a holy religious who was present at his death, declared upon oath that he had seen a number of white doves hovering around the head of the Saint, and in the midst of them the Infant Jesus, who placed a crown of flowers upon the head of the dying Saint, and then carried with Him the soul of Alexis into Heaven. Such a death was a fitting close to the earthly history of the seven Saints. "Lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided," for their holy bodies were all placed together in the same tomb under the high altar of the chapel on Monte Senario.

For many long years they were to remain hidden as it were in this remote mountain, venerated indeed by their spiritual children, but comparatively unknown to the world outside. St. Philip Benizi, and other saints of the Order were proposed to the veneration of the faithful, but still no movement was made to obtain the canonization of the seven holy Founders. At last, in 1666, the cause of Alexis Falconieri was introduced, and in 1717 he was beatified, and thus he who had chosen the last place in the Order, and who had been the last to enter Heaven, was the first to mount upon the altars, and receive the public honours of the Church. Eight years later Pope Benedict the Thirteenth, of the Order of St. Dominic, united the six other founders with the Blessed Alexis, and declared them all to be Blessed, appointing their feast to be kept on the 11th of February.

It was reserved to the present Sovereign Pontiff to decree them the honours of solemn canonization. None of the successors of St. Peter has shown a more ardent zeal for the glory of the great Mother of God than the illustrious Leo the

Thirteenth, and it is most fitting that this great Pope should exalt her faithful servants, and propose them to the veneration of the faithful.

Their exaltation has been delayed, but delayed only that it might take place in circumstances of greater splendour, and more solemn magnificence, when the thoughts of all Catholics are turned towards Rome with the deepest interest, and the fondest affection.

In this nineteenth century the world is sad and sick at heart, and weary of its own wickedness and infidelity. Its philosophers bring it face to face with the dark problems of life, and bid it give up all hope, and its poets sing to it, in divers tones, the same sad song of disillusion and despair.

Such is the sadness that leads to death, but there is another sadness which bringeth life, and the seven Saints of the ages of faith bid us turn our eyes to the Mother of Sorrows, and learn from her the secret of a sorrow, that brings hope, and joy, and an eternal peace.²

E. G. SWAINSON, O.S.M.

² An admirable Life of the Seven Holy Founders, full of the most interesting details, has just been published in French, by the Rev. Father Sosthène Ledoux, of the Servite Order.

The alleged Antiquity of Anglicanism.

SECOND ARTICLE.—THE TRUE CHARACTER OF NORMAN AND PLANTAGENET RESISTANCE TO THE POPES.

IN the previous article on this subject it was shown that the claim of Anglicanism to continuity with the Pre-Reformation Church of England must be tested ultimately by a comparison between the dogmatic attitudes of the two communions towards the Holy See. The attitude of modern Anglicanism is known. In its estimation the Papacy is an institution of purely human origin. Submission to Papal rule is always voluntary and revocable. As long as this is recognized on both sides, it may be retained with advantage as conducive to the maintenance of unity, but it should be recalled as soon as the Popes attempt to claim it as an essential condition of ecclesiastical status.

If it could be demonstrated that this was also the creed of our ancestors, the claim of Anglicanism to be in continuity with them would have to be allowed. Evidence however was offered to show that such a creed was quite unknown to the ancient Church, but that, on the contrary, the Papacy was in its estimation an institution of Divine appointment, the very key-stone of the ecclesiastical arch, the source of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and that, in consequence, withdrawal from its obedience was considered to involve separation from the communion of the Catholic Church. The evidence thus offered was of itself sufficiently abundant. At the same time, the reader was assured that the portion given is but a fragment, a mere illustration of the whole, which if studied in Wilkins' *Concilia* and in the chroniclers, can only establish the conviction that this belief of our ancestors was no mere floating opinion, no mere unauthenticated doctrine of the few, but a fundamental article of the common creed, one lying at the very roots of all ecclesiastical life, and finding expression in all the forms in which we could expect it to find expression.

The facts from which this conclusion has been drawn find scant recognition in the *Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*: but against the conclusion itself, taken as an absolute statement, Lord Selborne argues from the war of resistance waged with slight interruption throughout the period in question by the temporal sovereigns and the civil law against certain features of Papal administration. The position taken up is thus stated :

There never was a time, even after the development given by Gregory the Seventh and his successors to the principles of the false decretals, when the independence and liberties of the Church of England were not, to a large extent, practically maintained against the encroachments of the Court of Rome, or when its rights and organization as a National Church were not protected by English law. *The legislation of Henry the Eighth's reign against the Pope's pretensions to jurisdiction in this kingdom did but carry to their full consequences, under the circumstances of that time, principles admitted in Anglo-Saxon times, for which Norman and Plantagenet Kings had contended, which had been embodied in the Acts of their Councils and Parliaments, and in which the ecclesiastical authorities of the realm had either actively concurred or at least practically acquiesced. . . .* I propose to illustrate and verify this general statement, with reference particularly to the subjects of ecclesiastical liberties, law, and jurisdiction : appeals to Rome : the prelacy and benefices of the realm : bishops in Parliament : and legislation concerning matters of faith (pp. 8, 9).

The italics in this quotation are ours. Lord Selborne's position, as we understand it, is this. The Pope's pretension was that all spiritual jurisdiction sprang from himself, as from its divinely-appointed and therefore sole channel. This was denied by the English sovereigns with the concurrence, or practical acquiescence, of the Parliaments and the national clergy. According to their counter claim, all jurisdiction of whatever kind within the country flowed from the sovereign, who was thus at all times in fact, what Henry the Eighth was both in fact and in name, the Supreme Head on earth "over all persons and in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil." Not of course in the sense that he could himself perform ecclesiastical functions such as preaching, still less administer sacraments. These attributes were disavowed even by the Tudors. Nor in the sense that he had power to supersede certain organic features of Church constitution defined by our Lord. But so that with these restrictions the determination of spheres of action, of dioceses and parishes ; the legislative and the judicial functions ;

the bestowal of spiritual authority over subjects with the right to act as their lawful ministers in teaching, preaching, baptizing, excommunicating, &c.: in short, all the functions of Government in the ecclesiastical as well as in the civil order belonged to the sovereign, to be exercised either by himself in person or by others under his appointment. There was thus, according to this contention, no essential difference of principle between the Headship of the Plantagenet or Norman Sovereigns and that of the Tudors. The difference was merely in degree. The Tudors refused to allow any place in the rule of the National Church to a foreign prelate. The earlier Sovereigns allowed to the Pope of Rome the most exalted position in the hierarchy which held under them. In this they were not altogether free, so powerful was the influence the Pope had acquired. But they asserted their independence at least by the many checks and limitations which they opposed to his interference.

This is not the line we should have expected Lord Selborne to take up. It is such rank Erastianism. But we have read and re-read his chapters, and the result has been to confirm the conviction that it is really his intended meaning. It is certainly the line taken by such writers as Blackstone and Coke: it is certainly that generally prevalent till the rise of the High Church party. It has this also in its favour, that it is the only position which has even a plausible chance of maintaining itself. But if such is Lord Selborne's position, how comes it that he is the accepted champion of those Anglicans who are the resolute opponents of this theory of Church Government, who will rather go to prison than acknowledge the jurisdiction of a court which professes, or which they consider, to hold from the Crown? We invite them to consider the dilemma in which they are placed. If they accept Lord Selborne's arguments, they can be landed only in Lord Selborne's conclusion; in the conclusion that the Church in England was never truly Papal, because it was always what it still is, truly Erastian. Will they, on the other hand, reject his arguments and seek others which shall prove that the belief of this ancient Church, whilst denying the supreme jurisdiction of the Popes, denied it also to the temporal sovereigns at home, and attributed it to the native bishops as their inherent right? If this line is taken, where are the arguments to support it? When the cases of opposition to Papal claims alleged by Lord Selborne are transmitted, it will be very hard to find others. If they are accepted, it will be still

harder to get out of them any opposing claim to jurisdiction save that of the Crown.

Meanwhile it is not necessary for us to take into consideration these domestic differences of view among Anglicans. The sole question of relevancy for us is, whether the facts alleged by Lord Selborne are such as to invalidate the proof already given that the Divine origin of the Papacy formed an article in the creed of our forefathers. To this task we now address ourselves. We hope to make it clear, that these facts are quite compatible with, though perhaps not in general consistent with, this acknowledgment: that they involve no repudiation of the Pontiff's spiritual jurisdiction *in se*, but a refusal to recognize the legitimacy of its extension to certain fields of administration, as also refusal to obey certain of its prescriptions which were found unpalatable.

II.

Bracton, the great lawyer and judge under Henry the Third, thus defines the relation between the spiritual and the temporal jurisdictions:

To the Pope and the priesthood belong spiritual things, to the King and the kingdom those which are temporal, as it is said: "The Heaven of heavens is the Lord's, but the earth He hath given to the children of men." Hence the Pope has nothing to do with the disposition of temporal affairs any more than kings and princes have with spiritual, lest either should put his sickle to another's harvest. And as the Pope can ordain in the spiritual sphere concerning orders and dignities, so also can the King in the temporal concerning grants of inheritances or assignment of heirs according to the custom of the realm (*De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*, Rolls Series edition, vol. vi. p. 296).

Sir Travers Twiss, in his preface to the edition of Bracton in the Rolls Series,¹ commends this statement for the boldness of its attitude towards Papal pretensions. But as far as it is a statement of principle, it is in complete agreement with that which the most ultramontane canonists lay down. The Popes, like other men, are capable of acquiring temporal sovereignty by the usual titles, and the right has been exercised with reference to certain territories, as, for instance, the States of the Church. But the notion that they have ever claimed direct temporal sovereignty over the entire world as an imprescriptible prerogative of their office, is a mere Protestant myth. However, the

¹ Vol. i. p. xli.

two spheres, the spiritual and the temporal, interlace. The distinction which divides them is a distinction, not between thing and thing, but between different aspects of the same thing. The Church needs men to serve in her ministry; she needs also material goods. All these belong originally to the State, from which they must be withdrawn, either wholly or in part, before they can be given over to the Church. In like manner, since her rule is over laity as well as clergy, it must affect and control their actions in various ways. Hence a frequent opposition of interests between the two spheres, and a wide field for dispute. Causes which arise involving this double aspect are designated *mixed causes*. All causes are indeed to some extent mixed, but the name is restricted to those where the conflicting interests are of a more serious character. Usually the cognizance of the mixed causes must belong to one tribunal only, and whose right is to prevail? The Church claims that, as the honour of God and the eternal interests of man outweigh in importance those human interests which are bounded by this life, the prior right is that of the spiritual court. It would not be easy to find among any class of our ancestors any express repudiation of this reasoning. But beyond comparison of the two orders, the relative importance to their respective orders of the interests in conflict must be compared and counterbalanced. It would be unreasonable to claim preference for the Church court when the spiritual interest was comparatively slight and the temporal comparatively serious. It was on this ground that the medieval regalists preferred to place the controversy, and, dismissing from notice the detriment sustained by the spirituality as insignificant, they sought only to magnify the gravity of the temporal interests for which they were contending. In this antagonism of interests, the thing to be desired is that the two sides should approach the subject in a spirit of fairness and equity, and that they should endeavour to arrive at a settlement by amicable agreement. Such is the origin of Concordats. In default of agreement each power has its own arms for the protection of its domain, and is entitled to use them if its cause is really just. The State can employ physical force; the Church can inflict censures. This latter weapon is of course powerless when faith is dead, and thus in modern days the Church is so largely defenceless. But the weapon was very potent indeed in the ages of faith.

We are now able to appreciate the true bearing of the

conflict between the Popes and the Kings on which Lord Selborne relies. It was a fight over the line of frontier. It was a conflict for the possession of certain of the mixed causes. The Popes claimed that they should belong to the spiritual, the Crown that they should belong to the temporal jurisdiction. But the Crown, in asserting its claim, had as little idea of denying the sovereign rights of the Pope in the purely spiritual order, as the Popes had of denying those of the Crown in the domain which they acknowledged to be purely temporal. The Queen and the Czar may have a controversy about an Afghan border; does it therefore follow that the Queen claims to be sovereign over the Czar in Russia, or the Czar over the Queen in England? We proceed to make good this contention with reference to the facts alleged by Lord Selborne under the first three of his five headings: (1) Liberties, Law, and Jurisdiction; (2) Appeals; (3) Bishoprics and Benefices.² Let the reader observe carefully how invariably the Kings justify their action, not on the ground of any claim to spiritual supremacy, but on the ground that the spiritual authority is unwarrantably invading the domain of the temporal jurisdiction.

I.—LIBERTIES, LAW, AND JURISDICTION.

The attitude of the Crown towards the "Liberties, Law, and Jurisdiction" of the English Church involved no rejection of the Pope's supremacy in spirituals. We take Lord Selborne's cases in order.

a. It is urged (apparently) that in Magna Charta "the rights and liberties" of the Church of England were protected against Roman usurpation by a declaration of their inviolability; that the Statute of Provisors of 23 Edward III. describes the English Church as "founded in the estate of Prelacy within the realm of England," and declares that the Papal encroachments tend to the annulment of this estate (*Defence &c.*, pp. 9, 10).

Comment. The provision of Magna Charta was to protect the "rights and liberties" of the Church of England against the Crown, not the Popes. These "rights and liberties" were the rights and liberties the Popes were always contending for. The statements quoted from the preamble of the Statute of Provisors are advanced as motives why the King should assert his alleged right to the patronage of benefices. The mere statements go for

² The fourth and fifth scarcely concern us. They are for the Liberationists.

nothing. The question of importance is what was the alleged nature of the right whose assertion they motived. We shall see lower down that it was alleged to appertain to the temporal order.

b. "Under the Anglo-Saxon kings the ecclesiastical and temporal judges sat together in one Court. . . . The Conqueror (probably in A.D. 1072) was advised by his Norman prelates that this mode of executing the Episcopal laws . . . was 'faulty and not agreeable to the precepts of the Sacred Canons.'" He therefore 'commanded and by his Royal authority enjoined' that in future the Courts should be distinct, that the Bishops should, by spiritual censure, and the temporal Courts by secular aid, enforce the attendance in the spiritual Courts of those cited (*Defence &c.*, pp. 9, 10).

Comment. The bearings on our subject of the Anglo-Saxon arrangement precede the period we are engaged with. William the Conqueror's action can hardly be taken as evidence of a claim adverse to the Papacy. He was doing exactly what the Popes were ever pressing upon sovereigns, namely, to lend their secular authority to secure obedience to the sacred canons of the Universal Church; to support the spiritual authority with the material sword. The complexion of Lanfranc's words of monition may, on the contrary, be taken as evidence that the canon law was held to bind as such.

c. It is urged that, the Courts being thus separated, it was the law of the land which defined the causes over which the spiritual Courts should have cognizance. Also that the line of demarcation thus drawn was not strictly between spirituals and temporals. While matrimonial and testamentary causes were given over to the spiritual Courts, advowsons, which more directly concern the Church, were retained for the temporal (*ibid.*).

Comment. The law was professedly, as remarked above, following the sacred canons by an endeavour to give civil effect to their prescriptions. The causes mentioned are all mixed. Matrimony is a sacrament. In case of intestacy the Church assigned the property to pious purposes; besides which testators, as unable themselves to watch over the execution of their wishes, sought to place it as far as possible under the solemn sanctions of religion. On the other hand, advowson was the right to present, not to institute; and the spiritual office was considered (rightly or wrongly), to follow the benefice into the lay Court, on the principle *accessorium sequitur principale*.

Whenever an ecclesiastical judge attempted to transgress the limits of his recognized legal jurisdiction, whether under the direct authority of the Pope or on any other pretext, he was stopped by a writ of Prohibition, addressed by the King's Court at Westminster to the parties, and also to the judge; a proceeding which was applicable to all excesses of jurisdiction by any "inferior Courts" within the realm (*Defence &c.*, p. 12).

The question of Prohibitions will recur. We shall then show that their issue by the temporal to the spiritual Courts involved no assumption of superiority over the latter.

d. This division of jurisdictions, and recognition of the proper legal authority of the Ecclesiastical Courts, was confirmed, and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was in some respects enlarged, and in others limited, by statutes passed in the reigns of the three first Edwards. Archbishop Boniface, by canons made during the troubles of Henry the Third's reign, endeavoured to extend the spiritual jurisdiction; but those canons were resisted as contrary to law, both then and afterwards. The questions which they raised between Church and State were finally set at rest by a celebrated statute of Edward the Second "concerning divers liberties granted to the clergy" (*Defence &c.*, p. 12).

Comment. It is strange that, in a quarrel between the English Church and the English sovereign, the claim made by the latter and resisted by the former should be put forward as representing the mind of the English Church. For it is that we are supposed to be seeking. As for the Pope, he comes into the quarrel at the petition of the clergy to protect them against the King. Matthew of Paris thus refers to Archbishop Boniface's canons:

At this time Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, assembled the bishops and archbishops of his province, in order that, after having devoutly invoked the grace of the Holy Spirit, they might by their common action relieve the state of the now tottering English Church, which is harassed at the present time by new oppressions graver than usual.³

The Pope, Urban the Fourth, enters into the controversy only in so far as he had been appealed to by the bishops to defend their liberties. He writes to the King (A.D. 1263) to say that he had been asked to confirm the episcopal statutes; that he had as yet refrained, because the Royal procurator at the Papal Court had said that these statutes seemed "prejudicial to you (the King) and your right;" but that he prays the

³ *Chronica Majora*, in ann. 1257. Cf. Wilkins, *Concilia*, i. 723.

King "to leave alone all matters which rightly belonged to the ecclesiastical *forum*."⁴

This Papal letter shows that the controversy was merely as to the frontier line, and this is confirmed by the tenour of the answers given by Edward the Second in the statute *Articuli Cleri*,⁵ referred to by Lord Selborne as having closed the controversy.

First, whereas laymen do purchase prohibitions generally upon tithes, obventions, oblations, mortuaries, . . . the King doth answer to this article that in tithes, oblations, obventions, mortuaries, . . . the King's prohibition shall hold no place. . . . But if a clerk or religious do sell his tithes, being gathered into his barn, or otherwise, to any man for money, if the money be demanded before a spiritual judge, the King's prohibition shall lie; for by the sale the spiritual goods are made temporal, and the tithes turned into chattels. . . . Also, if any lay violent hands on a cleric, amends for the breach of peace must be made before the King, and for the excommunication before the Prelate, that a corporal penance may be inflicted; and if the culprit desires of his own accord to redeem the offence by paying a fine to the prelate or the injured party, this can be recovered before the Prelate, and in such a case the King's prohibition doth not lie. . . . It is desired that spiritual persons, whom our lord the King presents to ecclesiastical benefices, if the Bishop will not admit them, either for lack of learning or other reasonable cause, may not be subjected to the examination of lay persons in the aforesaid cases, as is now-a-days attempted, contrary to the canonical decrees, but that they may sue before the lawful ecclesiastical judge for a proper remedy. Examination into the fitness of a presentee to an ecclesiastical benefice belongs to the ecclesiastical judge, and so it has always been and always shall be.⁶

The answers to the previous *articuli* under Henry the Third and Edward the First are in the same strain; *e.g.*, under Henry the Third, "to Article 19 it is answered that during the vacancy of a bishopric the Archbishop must not take possession of the temporals, but only of the spirituals;" and under Edward the First, "the cognizance of pleas concerning fiefs and feudal liberties, as also concerning chattels and dues, other than those which appertain to wills or marriages, belong to our Crown and Royal dignity" (Coke's *Second Institute*, *Articulus Cleri*, sub init.). What is there in all this to show that the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction was rejected?

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 759.

⁵ 9 Edw. II. stat. i. cap. 1—16.

⁶ Wilkins, *ibid.* ii. 460.

2.—APPEALS.

Nor were the endeavours made to stop Appeals to Rome actuated by any belief in the superior spiritual authority of the Crown :

a. Under the heading "Appeals," Lord Selborne commences with the following passage :

The Supremacy of the Kings of England, "over all persons and in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil," within their dominions, was at all times, practically, as well as in principle, maintained by the assertion and exercise of the power of Prohibition. "Here," says Sir Matthew Hale (speaking of Pre-Reformation times), "is the clear evidence of the subordination of ecclesiastical jurisdiction to the temporal, and of the derivation of it: that the Common Law Courts are to judge of the extent of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and that where one Ecclesiastical Court invades the jurisdiction of another, there the Common Law is to umpire between them" (*Defence &c.*, pp. 13, 14).

Comment. This passage seems to have suffered some dislocation. Its right place would have been under the previous heading. The dislocation is unfortunate, as it might mislead the reader into imagining that the claim to hear Appeals and the claim to issue Prohibitions belong to the same, instead of to essentially different categories. A claim to hear appeals from the spiritual courts would certainly involve at least a constructive claim to supreme headship in the spiritual order. However, as the passage occurs here, it shall be examined here. Writs of Prohibition are still in use as the appointed procedure by which the High Court (till its recent abolition, the Queen's Bench) maintains the inferior courts, ecclesiastical, naval, military, &c., within the due limits of their jurisdiction. Hence Lord Selborne, following Sir Matthew Hale, infers that the similar employment of Prohibition to restrain the ecclesiastical courts during the Pre-Reformation period, is a patent proof that then also these courts were considered inferior and subordinate to the Court of King's Bench. But the inference is fallacious. Inasmuch as the coexistence within the country of tribunals independent of each other and holding from different supreme heads, is no longer found or at least acknowledged, the only courts to which Prohibitions can now be addressed are courts inferior to that from which they issue: for it is only natural that the power of restraint should be entrusted by the sovereign to the highest of his courts. But in ancient times it was otherwise. There were

two absolutely independent jurisdictions in the land, each of which employed an appropriate means of defending its territory from reputed usurpations on the part of the other. The temporal had the writs of Prohibition with attachment and corporal penalties to follow: the spiritual had Excommunication and the monitions by which it was wont to be preceded. If the exercise of Prohibition by the temporal court proves its superiority to the spiritual, *a pari*, if not *a fortiori*, the exercise of Excommunication by the spiritual proves its superiority over the temporal. Lord Selborne tells us that the law concerning the issue of Prohibitions was "fully expounded by Bracton, who was one of King Henry the Third's judges" (p. 12). Has he forgotten the passage already quoted from Bracton (p. 21), or this other:

Finally, we must observe concerning the jurisdiction of higher and lower (authorities); and first of all that as the Lord Pope has ordinary jurisdiction over everybody in spiritual things, so the King has ordinary jurisdiction in his kingdom in temporal things, and has no equals or superiors; and there are others who have ordinary (jurisdiction) under them in many ways, but not so purely ordinary (*non ita meram*) as the Pope and the King. . . Also, as one can hold delegated jurisdiction from the Pope in spirituals, so can one from the King in temporals, &c.⁷

The man who could write thus can hardly have felt that the form of Prohibition employed involved the assumption, that the King was supreme "over all persons and in all causes ecclesiastical as well as civil." Nor again does this appear to have been felt by Archbishop Bancroft and his suffragans in the third year of James the First, when they demanded a change in the wording of the ancient form, in order that it might give expression, as hitherto it had not done, to the new doctrine of the supremacy.

Objection. Concerning the form of Prohibition, forasmuch as both the ecclesiastical and temporal jurisdictions be now united in his Majesty, which were heretofore *de facto*, though not *de jure*, derived from several heads, we desire to be satisfied by the judges, whether as the case now standeth, the former manner of Prohibitions heretofore used importing an ecclesiastical court to be *aliud a foro regio*, and the ecclesiastical law not to be *legem terra*, and the proceedings in those courts to be *contra coronam et dignitatem regiam*, may now without offence and derogation of the King's ecclesiastical prerogative be continued, as though either the said jurisdictions remained now so dis-

⁷ Op. cit. vol. vi. p. 250.

tinguished and severed as they were before, or that the law ecclesiastical, which we put in execution, were not the King's and the realm's ecclesiastical laws, as well as the temporal laws.⁸

b. Lord Selborne next argues from the resistance to the appeal of St. Wilfrid. But as St. Wilfrid belongs to a much earlier period of English history than that to which we have limited ourselves, we must postpone the task of gathering from the circumstances of his appeal the signal evidence it yields of the faith of those days.

c. The Eighth Constitution of Clarendon is next invoked (*Defence &c.*, p. 15).

Appeals, when necessary, ought to be from the Archdeacon to the Bishop, and from the Bishop to the Archbishop; and, if justice were not done by the Archbishop, the last resort must be to the King, according to whose commandment the cause should be finally determined in the Archbishop's Court, without any further process, unless by the King's leave.

Comment. It is a bold thing to infer the views of the ancient Church from the Constitutions of Clarendon. According to Lord Selborne they "purported to declare and place on record some of the 'ancient liberties and customs of the Church of England'" (p. 15). On what authority is this said? King Henry rather claimed them as the "customs and liberties of his ancestors," by which he meant the practice of William the Conqueror and his two sons. Matthew of Paris, a writer not chargeable with undue attachment to the Holy See, after giving the text, calls them "wicked customs and liberties, and dignities detestable in God's eyes."⁹ It is probable that St. Thomas did not sign them. He certainly retracted his promise to keep them. The other prelates did not so retract, but they were under the influence of fear. It was with them, as they had said, expressly during the earlier stages of the conflict, "Let the liberty of the

⁸ *Articuli cleri* presented to the Lords of the Privy Council in A.D. 1605 (ap. Wilkins, vol. iv. p. 417). Anglicans will find these *articuli* instructive reading, especially if they are compared with the *articuli* of Edward the Second's reign referred to above. Such a comparison is to be found in Coke's Second Institute (*loc. cit.*) It will show that as late as the year A.D. 1603, in a formal document emanating from all the prelates of the realm, the doctrine of the King's supremacy in its crudest form was professed. We are sorry to be unable to quote more, but shall perhaps return to the subject in the next article.

⁹ Matthew of Paris, *Chron. Maj.* in ann. 1164, ap. Wilkins, i. p. 435.

Church perish, lest we perish ourselves. Much must be yielded to the malice of the times."¹⁰ However, if we are to trust Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London and partisan of King Henry, the King and the yielding Bishops at least claimed that their proposals were consistent with recognition of the Papal authority and of the right of appeal, that they had only pretended to take security against any invasion of the temporal order. Gilbert is writing to the Pope, by whose command he says he had been to remonstrate with the King. The date of the letter is A.D. 1166, that is, two years after the Council of Clarendon. The King is declared to have replied :

That he had never turned his heart away from you (the Pope), or ever failed in his desire, as long as you showed a father's regard for him, to love you back as a father, venerating and cherishing the Holy Roman Church as a mother, deferring to and obeying your sacred commands with humility, saving his own dignity and that of his kingdom. . . . That he will hinder no one who wishes to visit your Holiness : nor has ever yet, as he says, hindered any one. In the matter of appeals, according to the ancient practice of his realm, he claims to himself this honour and burden, that no cleric belonging to his kingdom shall pass beyond the borders of his kingdom *on account of any civil cause* until he has previously ascertained by experience whether he can obtain his right by his (the King's) own authority and command. That if any one has not obtained in this manner, such an one shall appeal to your Excellency without any objection being made.¹¹

d. The next case cited is that of William Rufus in his dealings with St. Anselm :

The exclusion of appeals to Rome without the King's leave was one of those "voluntary customs" of the English Church which displeased Archbishop Anselm. . . . William Rufus refused to allow Anselm to go as an appellant to Rome, and the Bishops as well as the barons of the realm then bore testimony that it was "a thing unheard of without the King's leave." The same King resented Anselm's recognition of Urban the Second (there being then an Antipope) without his authority, as tantamount to "an attempt to deprive him of his crown" (*Defence &c.*, p. 15).

Comment. It is evident from Anselm's context, that "voluntariæ consuetudines" should be translated "arbitrary usages," and why does Lord Selborne call them "the customs of the English Church?" They were the customs, or rather

¹⁰ *Summa Causæ*, Mat. for Hist. of Abp. Thomas Beckett, Rolls Series, vol. iv. p. 203.

¹¹ From R. Hoveden in ann. 1166, ap. Wilkins, i. p. 444.

pretensions, of Rufus and his father—what they were accustomed to claim as their dues.¹² The English Church, if it is represented by its St. Anselms, and not by its Williams of Saint-Calais, held them in abomination. In the same manner when William sent his barons to say that appeals to Rome without his leave were unheard of in his kingdom, his meaning was not that such a thing had never happened, but that it was never allowed in his time.¹³ William of Malmesbury in the parallel account says "*insolitum erat mihi.*" The third "custom" was nearly equally personal. The Crown which Rufus considered attacked by Anselm's recognition of Urban was that by which according to his pretension "it was certain that he excelled all the kings on the earth," that is a crown imperial which he claimed to wear as much as the Emperor of Germany. "The Emperor (of Germany) said it was part of his office to elect whom he would as Pope and that it belonged to no one else even to nominate the *apostolicus.*" So he divided the Church by setting up an Antipope. "King William alleged the same reason why no archbishop or bishop of his kingdom should be subject to the Roman Court or the Pope."¹⁴ Why should he not set up another Antipope if he chose? These were mere pretensions of an autocrat like William Rufus, which all good men among his contemporaries considered outrageous! What can they prove even if we bear in mind that the sharp sycophant William of Saint-Calais, the "man of ready tongue rather than pure wisdom," who stood whispering into his ear legal subtleties, was Bishop of Durham?

Even if the authority of these reprobates is to count, still there is no assumption of spiritual authority. It was the magnates of the realm generally, not the bishops only, nor on the other hand all his subjects indiscriminately, who were forbidden to go to Rome without his leave. The plea was not that the King's authority in spirituals was supreme, but that the King had a right to keep his counsellors in his kingdom for his service. So likewise the claim to nominate the Papacy was a claim to

¹² Eadmer, *Hist. Nov.*, lib. 2, ap. Migne, *Patr. Lat.*, tom. 159, p. 406. Mr. Martin Rule, in his *Life of St. Anselm*, vol. ii. chap. v. shews that a *custom*, as then understood, did not require any great length of time to establish itself; also that *paterne* and *avite consuetudines* mean not long established usages, but the usages of a father and a grandfather.

¹³ Eadmer, *ibid.* p. 400. And for next quotation, *ibid.* p. 384.

¹⁴ Matthew of Paris (op. cit. in ann. 1094). On this subject, also, cf. Mr. Rule's *St. Anselm*, vol. i. pp. 367, ff.

nominate, not to impart authority to the chosen candidate. There is nothing to show that Rufus, unlike his contemporaries, did not recognize that the communication of authority came to the elected Pope from God. In fact there is reason to show that he did recognize this. When he had been caught in his own trap and had recognized Urban, he never attempted in his subsequent quarrels to raise again the same plea.

c. In Edward the First's time, under the Common Law, and before the passing of any statute on the subject, one who had brought in a Bull of excommunication against another Englishman, and had published it to the Lord Treasurer, was adjudged guilty of treason, and banished the realm—narrowly escaping with his life (*Defence &c.*, p. 17).

Comment. This is an allegation which has done much controversial duty. It first appears in Coke's *Reports* (pt. v. fol. 12), and is appealed to there so often that Father Persons writing against the Reports, under the designation of a "Catholike Devyne"¹⁵ compares Coke to "the archer that had but one arrow in his quiver that would fly." Coke refers us to Brooke's *Liber Assisarum*.¹⁶ From the *Liber Assisarum* we learn that the statement was made in Court during the reign of Edward the Third, apparently by an advocate who appealed to it as a precedent for judgment in his client's favour. The grounds of excommunication, however, are not given, and this at once robs the case of its usefulness to Lord Selborne. No one denies that such penalties might befall the production of a Bull of excommunication, if it were directed against practices which the King claimed as belonging to his "crown and royal dignity." On the other hand in the case under hearing in Edward the Third's reign when this precedent was cited, a Papal Bull of excommunication against the plaintiff was pleaded by the defendant,¹⁷ and was rejected only on the ground that its genuineness was not properly authenticated. What else does this imply, save that Papal Bulls, if duly authenticated as genuine, were admissible in themselves even so far as to disqualify those censured from suing in a temporal court. Since in the precedent cited the Bull was published to the Royal Treasurer, it would seem to have related to some matter concerning the royal finances, perhaps to the exaction of levies on ecclesiastical goods. Thus the objection would be one against alleged invasions of the temporal

¹⁵ *Answer to Fifth Part of Reportes*, A.D. 1606. Preface, § 45.

¹⁶ Ann. 30, Edw. iii. fol. 177, B.M. press mark 508, g. 17.

¹⁷ Excommunication disqualified from suing till quite recent times.

sovereignty. The case must therefore, like the rest, be transferred to our side of the argument.

f. Edward the Third, in letters to Pope Benedict the Twelfth and his Cardinals, dated the 2nd May, 1337, remonstrated against the admission of an appeal by the Bishop of Winchester from a sentence of the Metropolitan Court of Canterbury, as contrary to law and custom (*Defence &c.*, p. 17).

Comment. Edward's letter has been used in our last article (p. 469). If the reader will refer back, he will see that it is all in favour of the thesis we are defending. The complaint was not that an appeal was made from Canterbury, but that the appeal had passed over Canterbury; whereas according to the canons and the privileges of the metropolitan see, its judgment should have been first taken. The practice of appeals was indeed complained of, but on the ground of the delay and evasion of justice which they were wont to entail. The complaint is that of one who admits, not denies, the Pope's right to receive appeals if he should choose.

g. By the Statue of *Præmunire*, passed in the twenty-seventh year of the same reign (Edward the Third's), any suit to a foreign Court "to answer of things whereof the cognizance pertaineth to the King's Court," was forbidden under the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture of goods.

Comment. This is just our contention. *Præmunire* was to restrain alleged invasion of the temporal domain. There was no idea whatever of employing it to interfere with Papal jurisdiction in matters confessedly spiritual. "The *præmunire* did not, however, prevent an action being brought in the Papal Court in cases where, according to common law, no action lay."¹⁸ Bulls on spiritual matters were constantly entering the country without incurring any opposition. On the other hand, with the Reformation, the operation of *præmunire* was applied to matters confessedly spiritual. 24 Henry VIII. cap. 12 applied it to prevent all appeals of whatever sort. 5 Eliz. C. 1 extended it to the refusal to take the Oath of Supremacy. A straw shows the way of the wind, and we may notice that the phrase "foreign Court," as applied to that of Rome, comes from the Acts of Henry the Eighth. Edward the Third says: "Drawn out of the realm."

¹⁸ Gneist's *Hist. of the English Constitution*, vol. ii. p. 54.

3.—BISHOPRICS AND BENEFICES.

Nor, contrary to the contention of Lord Selborne (pp. 17, ff.), can any repudiation of the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction *in se*, be gathered from the resistance offered to Papal provisions, or appointments to bishoprics and benefices.

"All the archbishoprics and bishoprics were regarded as of Royal foundation." "Our law books state that all these bishoprics were ancient donatives of the Crown, that is, the Crown had the direct right of appointment to them without election," the right arising out of the endowments which their predecessors had bestowed upon the sees; that if in course of time this right had been resigned, and freedom of election (in the reign of John) permitted to the Chapters of Cathedral bodies, this had been done, as asserted in a letter of Edward the Third to the Pope and Cardinals, "at the entreaty of the clergy, and out of respect to and at the request of the Supreme Pontiff." In the same manner to the founders of the simple benefices belonged the right of presentation, to enjoy and transmit along with the manors to which they were attached. This was the case for the Crown, as stated by Lord Selborne. The radical element in this contention was manifestly, that the endowment was conditional on the patronage of the spiritual office being conjoined with that of the benefice, the presentation to which the donor retained in his own hands. The motive was the undoubtedly temporal interest which was involved along with the spiritual. "The clergy had a majority of votes in the House of Lords, without counting those of such lay Lords as were sure to support their spiritual guides. They furnished the great Ministers of State, the Chancellors with few exceptions, and ordinarily the Privy Seal, who was the chief Minister of the Council: frequently the Treasurer also was a clergyman."¹⁰ If, again, foreign ecclesiastics, as Cardinals, were appointed with right of non-residence (which was done), it might seem that "the substance and treasure of the realm shall be carried away, and so the realm be destitute as well of council as of substance, to the final destruction of the realm" (16 Rich. II. cap. 5). On the other hand, the Popes asserted their duty of watching over the constitution of the sacred ministry and the consequent inprescriptible right to control appointments. They allowed readily, and even as a matter of their *Jus Commune*, the right of advow-

¹⁰ Stubbs, *Const. Hist.* iii. p. 521.

son to the founders of benefices, but as a grateful concession in return for the service rendered, and with the reservation of a concurrent right to be exercised by themselves when expedient in the interests of the Church. The presentation to the bishoprics, according to the *Jus Commune*, lay with the Chapters. In some countries, but, according to the Roman tradition, never in England,²⁰ it had been granted by special privilege to the Sovereigns; still always subject to the Pontiff's right to supersede, a right which the greater importance of the higher dignities made it more frequently desirable to use. Such Papal appointments were made by Bulls of Provision. The Pope provided for the benefice, and the person provided was called the Provisor. That Papal provision would excite grave dissatisfaction among the parties superseded, was to be expected. The outcry issued first in legislation in the reign of Edward the First. But the most notable Statutes of Provision were 25 Edward III. stat. 6 (A.D. 1350), and 16 Richard II., cap. 5 (A.D. 1392). These decree the penalties of imprisonment, outlawry, &c., against all provisors, their procurators, notaries, &c., together with further penalties against all who should sue at Rome, or should bring or send into the country Bulls of Excommunication to defeat the execution of the Statute. Of the preamble to the Act of Richard the Second, Lord Selborne says: "It is of considerable historical interest, bearing a close resemblance to some well-known preambles of the Statutes of Henry the Eighth" (*Defence &c.*, p. 22). It ran thus:

And so (the Commons proceeded) the Crown of England, which hath been so free at all times that it hath been in no earthly subjection, but immediately subject to God in all things touching the regality of the said Crown, and to none other, should be submitted to the Pope, and the laws and statutes of the realm by him defeated and avoided at his will, to the perpetual destruction of the sovereignty of the King our lord, his crown and dignity, and of all his realm, which God defend. And, moreover, the Commons aforesaid say that the said things so attempted, be clearly against the King's crown and his regality, used and approved of the time of all his progenitors . . . (ap. *Defence &c.*, p. 23).

Comment. We admit the historical interest of the wording: not, however, because of the resemblance, but because of the contrast, which it offers to the style of Henry the Eighth. Richard and his Commons insist that Provisions are an invasion of the temporal jurisdiction, and declare that that jurisdiction

²⁰ Rigantius, *Reg. Canc. Apost.* i. 227.

has at all times been independent of any earthly superior. There can be no doubt that this is the sense of such phrases as "regality of the Crown," and its congeners. They are constantly occurring in context which is consistent with no other meaning.²⁰

The same is made still clearer in Lord Selborne's own pages by the answer given in Parliament at the time by the spiritual lords when asked if they would stand with the King in the aforesaid cases.

The Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates . . . making protestation, that it was not their mind to say or affirm that the Bishop of Rome²¹ may not excommunicate Bishops, nor that he may [not?] make translations of Bishops after the law of Holy Church, answered and said, that if any execution of processes made in the King's Court as before be made by any, and censures of excommunication to be made against any Bishops of England or any other of the King's liege people, for that they have made execution of such commandments, (or, if any such translations of Bishops were executed without the consent and against the will of the King) the said lords spiritual will and ought to be with the King in these cases, in lawfully maintaining of his Crown, and in all other cases touching his Crown and his royalty as they are bound by their liganee (*ibid.*).

In other words, while considering that the matter in hand was truly one of secular cognizance, and therefore assenting to the proposed legislation, they protest against their assent being construed into any attempt to touch the genuine province of the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pontiffs. It is an exact repetition of the protest made by the two Archbishops, Courtenay and Arundel, in the name of their suffragans and the clergy in full parliament three years before on the occasion of a similar statute being enacted.

We protest that we do not wish or intend in any way to consent to any statute now recently passed in the present Parliament, or any

²⁰ See, for instance, the extract given above (p. 26) from Edward the First's answer to the *articuli cleri*. He is distinguishing between the spirituals and temporals, with the intention of reviewing only the former. "Pleas concerning fiefs, &c.," he says, "belong to his crown and royal dignity." For a contrast, notice the extract from Bancroft's *articuli*, given above (p. 28). Henry the Eighth would have omitted this limiting clause, or else so worded his legislation as to make it clear that he claimed to include in "his crown and dignity" spirituals and temporals alike.

²¹ In the original it is "Our Holy Father the Pope." The change which is made throughout the statute in Post-Reformation translations is significant of the change of ideas.

alleged ancient statute renewed, so far forth as such statutes or any of them are discovered to tend to the restriction of the Apostolic power, or to the subversion, enervation, or derogation of ecclesiastical liberty.²²

It ought further to be remembered before the Statutes of Provision are taken to indicate the mind of the ancient Church, to how large an extent these statutes proved a *brutum fulmen*. Edward the Third complains that the Act of Edward the First had been inefficacious. Richard the Second is still trying by his Acts to restore the efficacy of those which had preceded. Yet still the Popes persisted, and if the Acts could score their successes, so also could the Popes. Bishop Stubbs, who notices this, recounts a number of instances in proof.²³ Two Bishops were thus appointed in A.D. 1396, that is, two years after Richard the Second's last Act. In A.D. 1397 King Richard felt his weakness in the necessity of soliciting a Provision to translate Archbishop Arundel to St. Andrews and appoint Walden to succeed him at Canterbury. In the same year the Pope by provision translated Bockingham against his will from Lincoln to Lichfield and appointed Beaufort in his place. In A.D. 1398 the King was forced to enter into an agreement with the Pope on the basis of alternative appointments.²⁴ He says he was moved to this by his reverence for the Holy See and the affection displayed towards him by the reigning Pontiff. Still it is reasonable to infer that he was also moved by the impossibility of carrying out his purpose should the Popes resolutely resist. Again we may quote Bracton, whose teaching finds illustration in the royal difficulty.

For there are the spiritual causes in which the secular judge has no cognizance or execution, since he has not coercive power: for in these causes the cognizance pertains to ecclesiastical judges who rule and defend the priesthood.²⁵

In spiritual matters, the Pope could, and the King could not, coerce; that is, coerce the soul. To an age which believed in the Supreme Headship of the King, this coercive power of the Popes would have gone for nothing. To an age which believed in the Supreme Headship of the Pope it was a very serious consideration. And so in A.D. 1415 we still find Henry the

²² Wilkins, iii. p. 208.

²³ *Const. Hist.* iii. pp. 314, 315.

²⁴ Wilkins, iii. p. 236.

²⁵ *Op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 171, Rolls Series Edition.

Fifth's Parliament²⁶ complaining that the Provisions continue and need fresh legislation to stop them.²⁷

III.

Let us not be misunderstood. It is not asserted that the Crown did not in fact during the earlier period often arrogate to itself jurisdiction over territory which logical fidelity to the primary principles of distinction would assign to the spirituality. That it was considered by the Pope to do so, is the meaning of the fierce struggle which they so tenaciously maintained against the Crown and its partisans in the name of ecclesiastical liberty. Martin the Fifth, in his letter of remonstrance to Archbishop Chicheley (A.D. 1426) says with reference to the Statutes of Provision and Præmunire :

By this execrable statute the King of England disposes of the Church with his provisions and administrations, just as if Christ had constituted him His Vicar. He makes a law concerning churches, clerics, and the ecclesiastical state, draws spiritual and ecclesiastical causes to himself and his lay courts, and in short, makes provisions about clerics, churches, and the ecclesiastical state, just as if the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were put into his hands, and the superintendency of these affairs had been entrusted to his Highness, and not to St. Peter."²⁸

The language sounds quite as an Anglican might desire : but the Pontiff's irony shows that the imputed assumption by the King of the power of the keys was constructive, not formal.

Nor again is it contended that these sovereigns were always actuated by the single-minded purpose of defending their purely temporal authority : that they had never an idea of resisting the Pope on his own ground. Of course they had. Henry the Second, as Gilbert Foliot tells us in the passage quoted above (p. 30), would be a very obedient son as long as the Pope showed affection for him, that is, granted him his desires ; but would break with him if he did not. This was to resist the Pope on his own ground of spiritual jurisdiction. And similar instances could be multiplied. Indeed, there was a

²⁶ 3 Henry V., stat. 2, cap. 4.

²⁷ To discuss the propriety of the system of Papal Provisions is not required by our subject, and would take up much space. The principle on which it rested is unexceptionable, but its administration does not appear in a pleasant light in English History. We must remember, however, that the lion has hardly as yet had his fair say.

²⁸ Wilkins, iii. p. 482.

spirit of disobedience pervading the long course of resistance whose history we have been considering. But what then? All sin is not atheism, neither is all disobedience rejection of authority. On the contrary, it is the commonest thing in the world for these two things to coexist. They coexist, wherever there is a Christian man faithless to his Christian duties. Before any argument in favour of the Anglican contention can be gathered from instances of opposition to Papal authority, it must be shown, and not assumed, that it was rejection of the authority by which they were motived. Where can proof be found? Is it where the bishops who sided with William Rufus recommended St. Anselm to renounce his obedience to Urban; and "free as becomes an Archbishop of Canterbury, await in all his actions the will and commandment of the Lord King."²⁹ It may be disputed whether they meant more than that Anselm should withdraw his obedience from the Papacy altogether, or only from Urban, whom the King as yet refused to recognize. It is unfortunate also for those who need such instances, that these same bishops should so shortly afterwards have revealed their belief in the Primacy by the consternation into which they were thrown by Anselm's announcement, that "he would meet them as he ought, and where he ought" (that is at Rome³⁰): still more unfortunate that they should have passed with their own lips the verdict on their moral quality which even without such testimony is only too clear.

Lord and Father (they said to St. Anselm, somewhat later on), we know you to be a religious and a holy man, and that your conversation is in Heaven. But we are held back by our relations, whom we support, and by many worldly cares, which we love. We cannot therefore rise to a sublimity of life like yours, or join you in making scorn of the world.³¹

What a comment on the Anglican claim that it should be obliged to pass by the good men and the grand heroes of the ancient Church, to seek for the links of continuity in bishops like these, and kings like William Rufus!

In the absence of any indications that resistance offered to the Popes was motived by denial of their spiritual authority, we are entitled to gather from the resistance itself that the

²⁹ Eadmer, *Hist. Nov. lib. 1*, ap. Migne, *Patr. Lat.*, tom. 159, p. 383.

³⁰ *Ibid.* p. 384.

³¹ *Ibid.* p. 399.

authority was admitted. When rejection of the claims of authority is recognized as a legitimate justification for resistance to its injunctions, it is the justification which is sure to be preferred. It follows that when this plea is avoided, and another of a distinct kind, more complicated and far harder to carry out, is advanced, the strongest evidence is given that the authority itself is admitted. Yet this is what we find. In all the course and all the phases of the protracted war against the Holy See waged by the English sovereigns and their clerical partisans, the attitude taken up by the latter has been, consistently, with barely an exception, if even that, not, "Your spiritual jurisdiction is disallowed," but, "You are overstepping the boundary of your spiritual kingdom."

Nevertheless, it is clear from our examination of the facts brought forward, that in one sense it is true that "the legislation of Henry the Eighth's reign . . . did but carry to their full consequences . . . principles . . . for which Norman and Plantagenet Kings had contended, &c." (*Defence &c.*, p. 9). Wife-slaying is essentially different from wife-beating. Yet in one sense it is true that the wife-beater only carries out his principles to their full consequences when he becomes a wife-slayer. The underlying principle of conduct alike with these Norman and Plantagenet and with Tudor Sovereigns, was *per fas et nefas* to have their own way with the Church, above all, to have their own way with her endowments. It led the former to violate her liberties under the plea that she was usurping the temporal jurisdiction. It led the latter to attack the spiritual jurisdiction at its source.

Rem si facias, rem

Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo, rem.

And is not this the same spirit which (rightly or wrongly, let others judge) Anglicans impute at the present time to the sovereign people as embodied, or sought to be embodied, in the Liberation Society when it comes into power? If the chain of connexion comes down from the opinions of Norman and Plantagenet, and passes through the opinions of Tudor sovereigns, it would seem as if it were the Liberationists who are in true doctrinal continuity with the past. Have not Anglicans been raising up for themselves a Frankenstein?

S. F. S.

Ode to Spring.

SWEET Spring, O haste and break the tyrant Winter's
chain,

Lull him to sleep, usurp his throne and reign.

Nature is weary of his yoke, I wean,

And gladly now would greet thee as its queen.

Twine snowdrops pale around thy lovely brow,

Their inner green bespeaks hope's healthful hue ;

And though thy days with us perchance be few,

Lead us through golden vistas decked with flowers

To where the Summer's sun-bathed boundaries glow,

Nor leave us till we reach her radiant bowers,

Then may'st thou go in peace,

Yet shall we never cease,

Fair queen of primroses, thy praise to sing.

The subsequent history of Bernadette Soubirous.

ON July 28, 1858, the Bishop of Tarbes issued a pastoral (*mandement*) in which he said that ecclesiastical authority was going to occupy itself with the Grotto at Lourdes, and that a Commission was charged to make an official inquiry. The Commission had for its object to furnish an answer to the following questions :

1. Were the cures wrought by means of the waters of Lourdes natural or supernatural ?
2. Were Bernadette's visions real ? and were they natural or supernatural ?
3. Did the spring exist previously to the visions ?

On the 17th of November, a Sub-commission of five persons came to Lourdes to make personal inquiries on the spot. They added to their number Dr. Vergez, a physician of Montpellier, of long experience and high reputation as a man of science. The resident doctor at Lourdes, Dr. Dojous, was of course in constant communication with the Commission, and as he had watched Bernadette during her ecstasies, and had examined all the alleged cures, his evidence was invaluable.

When the Commission was authorized by the Bishop, he had hoped that the civil authorities would leave the matter in his hands. But the Prefect had by this time made up his mind that the whole business was a mere imposture, or superstition, and continued to persecute Bernadette and watch the pilgrims as much as ever. Happily, however, a higher authority interfered. The Emperor heard the story, and at once sent word (October, 1858) that all opposition was to cease. Thenceforward barriers, boarding, police interference, summonses to trespassers, were all at an end. Bernadette, her parents, and the pilgrims, were left in peace.

The Commission continued its labours for nearly three years. During the first two years Bernadette continued to go to the parish school, and at the end of that time (she was then sixteen

years old) was received as a boarder into the Convent of the Sisters of Nevers. It is needless to say that she had innumerable visitors. What was the general impression she made upon them?

The Heavenly Visitation she had enjoyed had not changed her to outward appearance. She was still rather below the average in intelligence, very wanting in imagination, and not at all expansive. She had no power to describe what she saw or to interest visitors. When she told her story she did so with wonderful conciseness and almost coldness. People sometimes said to her, "How can you talk so coldly of such wonderful things?" Yet she was gentle, good, simple, innocent, and some visitors were charmed with her. If she was questioned, there was something in her answers that showed how sure she was of her facts. Questions, instead of embarrassing her, seemed to make her more at her ease. But it was when any one attempted to argue the point with her, and raised objections to what she said, that Bernadette showed to the best advantage. That passionless, matter-of-fact child seemed to be no longer the same person when she had to defend the truth of her story, or when the honour of Our Lady of Lourdes appeared to her to be at stake. Contradiction roused her: she always had plenty to answer, and the readiness and justice of her replies was most remarkable. In spite of her mediocre intelligence, she often astonished and put to silence clever men who cross-questioned her. They "could not resist the spirit and the wisdom with which she spoke."

There were other features in her conduct that were very much in her favour. Never would she take any sort of gift for herself or for any of her family. They were miserably poor, and visitors offered them money without end, but it was invariably refused. Indeed, it is not unlikely that this prohibition to receive anything was one of the commands imposed upon her by Our Lady.

Her early simplicity, too, was in no way affected by the crowds who sought her. If she had not been under the special guidance of God, she could not have failed to have her head turned by the notice taken of her and the flattery that was poured into her ear. People called her a saint; asked her to put her hand on pious objects, and so make relics of them; but she always answered, "Why, *I* can't bless anything." It all made no impression upon her, and she never seemed to take to

herself any of the compliments paid her, but all went to Our Lady, who had regarded the humility of her handmaiden.

Another curious fact told very much in her favour, and was a strong evidence of the reality of her visions. Contact with her seemed to kindle devotion, and had a wonderful power to strengthen in her visitors their faith in the supernatural. Men of the world who listened to her story could not help believing, often in spite of themselves. "I don't know about the miracles," said a Protestant magistrate who visited Lourdes; "it is that child who astonishes me and goes to my heart. I am sure there must be something in her story." In fact, Bernadette, the ignorant, matter-of-fact, rather dull, undemonstrative Bernadette, exercised a regular apostolate in the impulse she gave to devotion to Our Lady and to belief in the supernatural.

We must hasten on. The Episcopal Commission did its work most thoroughly, and at length made its formal report to the Bishop. He took some months to consider it, but at length, on January 18, 1862, was published the Pastoral of the Bishop of Tarbes respecting the apparition at Lourdes. We regret that our space does not permit us to give it in full. Enough to say that it discusses, with admirable clearness and good sense, apparitions, miracles, pilgrims, Bernadette, and sets forward the following as the result of the official investigation made by the Commission :

We give sentence (*nous jugeons*) that Mary Immaculate, Mother of God, has really appeared to Bernadette Soubirous on February 11, 1858, and the following days, to the number of eighteen times, in the Grotto of Massabielle, near the town of Lourdes; that this apparition carries with it all the marks of truth, and that the faithful have good ground (*sont fondés*) for believing it certain.

We left Bernadette, at the age of sixteen, confided to the care of the Sisters of Nevers. In their convent she remained as a boarder till she was twenty-two. She was allowed to receive visitors in the parlour there. Her life was, during a greater part of the year, nothing but a series of receptions. She was at the beck and call of any one who came to see her. On feast-days it was with some difficulty that she got time for her meals. She did not like the publicity that was forced upon her, and got away as soon as she could. She had to give up all her free time; the continual talking was painful to her. She had poor health and a weak chest. Yet she knew that she was doing God's

will. She never complained, she never refused to see those who asked for her. The only sign of her dislike for her continual flow of visitors was a slight shrug of the shoulders when a new visitor was unexpectedly announced. But her time and strength were well spent; she was accomplishing her mission; she had become the apostle of Mary Immaculate.

But the time was drawing near when our Lord was calling her to a higher life. In 1863, Mgr. Forçade, Bishop of Nevers, to whose jurisdiction the Sisters of Nevers were subject, came to Lourdes and asked to see Bernadette. She was in the kitchen, scraping carrots for the dinner of the community, sitting on a stool in the corner of the fire-place. The Bishop sent for her after dinner, and after talking a little about the apparitions, asked her what she was going to do with herself.

"Nothing," was her answer.

"My dear child, you must do something in the world."

"Why, I am with these good Sisters, and I'm quite content."

"I have no doubt you are, but you can't remain here always. They only took you for a time out of charity."

"Why can't I stay here always?"

"Because you are not a Sister and not a servant."

"I don't think I should do for a Sister. I have no dowry, and I am no good. I know nothing, and am good for nothing."

"You do not appreciate your talents. I saw this morning that you are good for something."

"Good for what?"

"Why, for scraping carrots!" answered the Bishop, seriously.

Bernadette burst out laughing. "That isn't very difficult!"

"Never mind; if God gives you a vocation, the Sisters will find work for you, and in the novitiate will teach you to do a number of things of which you are ignorant at present."

"Well, I'll think about it."

A year later Bernadette asked to be admitted to the novitiate.

Her entrance was put off for two years on account of the miserable state of her health. She had always been a sufferer, her incurable maladies preyed without ceasing on her feeble frame, and from time to time there supervened crises which brought her to the door of death. But in July, 1866, it was decided not to keep her waiting any longer, and on the 8th she was admitted into the novitiate.

The main feature of her novitiate was her total silence

respecting the apparitions of Lourdes among her fellow-novices. They had been told not to speak to her on the subject, and though many of them would fain have questioned her, yet they faithfully obeyed the injunction given them. Bernadette herself never broached the subject, and it was only when one of her Superiors spoke to her about it, or some privileged visitor, that any one could have discovered that this ordinary sort of novice, about whom there was nothing remarkable except her constant sickness, was one who had received from Heaven favours beyond compare.

Bernadette was regular and edifying, but just like the rest as far as externals went. No ecstasies, no wonderful gift of prayer, no outward marks of extraordinary piety. Several times the Bishop of Nevers asked her, "Tell me, Bernadette, have you seen Our Lady again since the last of those visions by the rock of Massabielle, or have you received any other extraordinary graces?" "No," was her invariable answer; "up to now I am just the same as anybody else." "Yet," adds the Bishop, "she was not just the same as anybody else. The most marked feature in her was her desire to live unknown and to be counted as a nobody. This is rare enough, even among souls that tend to perfection. No one put into practice better than Bernadette that beautiful precept of the *Imitation*, 'Love to be unknown and esteemed of no account.'" This is high praise from the mouth of the Prelate who was the Superior of the whole community. What impostor, nay, what hysterical or imaginative enthusiast, would have been willing thus to sink into obscurity and oblivion? It shows a strange ignorance of human nature to believe that one who was labouring under the delusions of an overwrought fancy would consent to be snuffed out, nay, would desire above all things to disappear, and never be remembered more by the world that had once run after her as a saint.

We have said that the apparitions left Bernadette just the same as she had been before. But this is scarcely true. In the novitiate she showed far more intelligence than one would have gathered from her childish years. The change may have arisen from her contact with so many visitors; and we do not pretend that it was anything beyond a mere natural development. But there was also in her face from time to time a beauty of expression, an indescribable brightness, which those who associated with her fancied she had gained from having gazed on the unapproachable beauty of the Queen of Heaven.

In October, 1866, Sister Marie Bernard, for such was Bernadette's name in religion, had one of those asthmatic crises that brought her near to death's door. But she recovered from it, and a year later was professed. On this occasion it is the custom of the Sisters to assign some special employment to each of those professed. What was to be assigned to poor Bernadette? When she came before the Bishop on the day of profession, the Superior, in order to test her humility, rose in presence of all, and said publicly that really they did not know what was to be done with Sister Marie Bernard, as she was good for nothing. The Bishop called her, and made her kneel before him.

"Is it true," he asked Sister Marie Bernard, "that you are of no use in the community?"

"Reverend Mother is perfectly right; it is quite true."

"But, my poor child, what are we to do with you, and of what good is it to admit you into the Congregation?"

"That is just what I told you at Lourdes, my Lord, and you answered that this would not make any difference."

The Bishop did not expect such an answer as this, and the Superior came to the rescue.

"If you like, Monseigneur, we can keep her out of charity and employ her in the infirmary. As she is almost always sick, it will be just the place for her. She can begin by keeping it clean, and if we are able to teach her, perhaps she will be able to make up the cough-mixtures later on."

Certainly this speech was the reverse of flattering to poor Bernadette. What could have been more humbling, more calculated to wound self-love? What greater proof of the reality of the poor girl's vision of Our Lady than that after all the wondrous favours she had received, after all the flattery heaped upon her, the honour shown her, the presents offered her, the homage received by her from the most noble and the most distinguished personages? She, nevertheless, accepted with joy the reputation of being a useless burden on a small community, to be employed in a post sufficiently humble in itself and imposed upon her in terms that made it more humble still. Here was a test that pride could never have stood, here was the true spirit of her who said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, let it be done to me according to Thy word."

To clean an infirmary is not only a humble but a very disagreeable employment. Yet she entered upon it without

making the least objection, never complained, and did her best as long as she kept it. After some years she was by the doctor's orders transferred to the sacristy to be under-sacristan, and this post she retained until her death.

For twelve years after her profession she continued to serve her Sisters in these lowly offices. All the time she frequently suffered the most agonizing pains, and sometimes the crisis of pain were almost unbearable. She was indeed a victim of expiation for sin. She had the privilege of being one of those who fill up what is wanting in the Sufferings of Christ, who share the Dolours of the Queen of Sorrows. Bernadette was not perfect, and sometimes the suffering forced from her, in spite of herself, an expression of impatience and ill temper. But it was but on the surface, and in the depths of her soul she remained none the less submissive and resigned, full of joy and gratitude to God. When the crisis was over, the impatient word gave her an occasion of humbling herself before the whole community, of which she was always eager to avail herself. So passed her life from 1866 to 1878. On the 12th of December she had to appear before the representatives of the Bishops of Nancy and Tarbes, and renew again the depositions she had made twenty years before respecting the apparitions at the Grotto. She told her story with the same simplicity as ever, and answered the questions put to her with the same satisfactory clearness and precision.

Bernadette's work was now nearly done—her multiplied ailments had become worse and worse. The asthma which had been the cross of her life recurred with crises more frequent and more violent than ever. Her chest became more and more feeble, a large tumour had formed on her knee and her bones were gradually rotting away with caries, while sores were appearing over her whole body. This had been her condition more or less for years, and now the end was not far off. On St. Joseph's feast the Chaplain of the convent asked her what favour she had asked of the Saint, and she at once replied: "The grace of a good death." A week later she was so much worse that she received Viaticum. But she partially recovered, and in the brief respite from suffering that she enjoyed from time to time she had all the lightheartedness of a child. She was full of little jokes and bits of fun. But these intervals were but short, and her normal state during the last few weeks of her life was one of intense and agoniz-

ing pain. She was, moreover, almost suffocated by phlegm, and the cough that tore her chest did not relieve her. One day the Chaplain said: "Courage, Sister! remember Mary's promise: joy, recompense, happiness, at the end of all this." "Yes," said poor Bernadette, "but the end is a long time coming." A few minutes afterwards one of the Sisters seeing how terrible her suffering was, said: "I wonder, Sister, you don't ask to be cured." "No," she answered, "I am not going to. I'm not going to ask for that; Our Lord would come and say: 'Look at that little nun! she is not willing to suffer anything for Me, who have suffered so much for her!'"

During Holy Week her sufferings redoubled. Easter came and still no relief. Horrible temptations assailed her, but the invocation of the Holy Names chased the Evil One away. On Tuesday she cried out in her agony to one of the Sisters: "Sister, I'm so afraid! I have received so many graces and I fear I have made so little use of them." But soon after this she became quite calm, and though her bodily sufferings continued to the last, she had peace and quiet in her soul. One of her companions said to her: "I am going to ask Our Lady to give you some consolation." "No," she answered, "not consolation, but strength and patience."

A short time before her death she made an attempt to rise, fixed her eyes intently as if on some unseen object, and over her face there crept an expression of surprise and sweet emotion which reminded the bystanders of the change that came over her as she knelt in ecstasy by the waters of the Gave. "My God!" she cried, "I love Thee with my whole heart, my whole soul, and my whole strength!"

One of the Sisters said to her, "Our Lady, whom you have loved and served all your life long, will come and meet you at the moment of your death, and will escort you to Paradise." "Yes," said the dying girl, in a tone of confidence and love, "I hope so."

Then a few moments after, "God of mercy, Jesus crucified, have pity on me! . . . Mary Immaculate, do not forsake your child!" Then she begged pardon of one of the Sisters for all the trouble she had given her, took her crucifix, and kissed most lovingly the five sacred Wounds of Jesus; asked for something to drink, took the cup in her hands, made a large sign of the Cross after the fashion that Our Lady had taught her at the rock of Massabielle, drank a few drops, and peacefully com-

posed herself to die. Those by her bedside went on saying some prayers for her. Twice she repeated after them faintly the second half of the Hail Mary, and the third time, after uttering the words, "Holy Mary, Mother of God," she found herself unable to pronounce the rest, raised her eyes to Heaven, bowed her head in death, and so went to behold for ever, before the Throne of God, the majesty of Mary Immaculate.

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Brief and very imperfect is the above sketch of Bernadette Soubirous. I have not attempted to write her Life; my object has been to bring out such details as show her character, attainments, and disposition. My study of her life has deepened and strengthened in me—I will not say my conviction of the reality of Bernadette's visions, for that needed no strengthening—but my appreciation of the great value of the independent evidence in their favour that her life affords. If there had been no miracles at Lourdes to establish incontestably the presence of a supernatural power working there—if the bubbling spring had not forced its way upwards through the earth in such unexpected fashion under the hand of Bernadette—if the water had not restored sight to the blind and life to the dying—still the story of Bernadette's life proves her incontestably to have been neither impostor nor enthusiast. The former hypothesis is out of the question; the latter is utterly at variance with her matter-of-fact, unimaginative, unimpressionable character; it is in contradiction with the whole tenour of her life; it is utterly incompetent to account for the facts of the case. If Bernadette had been a mere visionary, she would never have drawn down crowds to watch her as she knelt in prayer; men of the world would not have been forced by her appearance and demeanour to believe, in spite of previous prejudices and a determination not to be convinced; she would not have stood the test of questioning and cross-questioning; she would not have carried the day against every sort of opposition and contradiction; she would not have been willing to retire out of sight and be utterly unknown and obscure; she would not have courted contempt and humiliation; she would not have joyfully accepted the most humble of all possible offices in a small religious community; she would not have lived so holy a life or died so holy a death.

Above all, time, that tries all things, proves day by day

more certainly the truth of her story. No fancied visions ever stood the test of time. No mere hallucinations of a pious enthusiast have ever prevailed in the long run against the force of criticism and careful investigation; whereas the severest critics are compelled to confess themselves baffled before the narrative of Lourdes; and honest investigation bears its joyful testimony to the presence of the power of God working His marvels through the poor peasant girl of Lourdes. *Infirmi mundi elegit Deus.* God loves to choose the weak things of this world, and poor weak Bernadette has confounded and will confound, as long as the world lasts, all the wisdom of the philosopher, all the sneers of the sceptic, all the attempts of the unbeliever to set aside or explain away the miracles wrought through her at Lourdes.

R. F. C.

The Examination System.

IT is hardly too much to say that the modern method of subjecting schools to periodical examinations, and of making all the prizes of learning, commissions in the army, and posts in the civil service, depend upon the result of competitions, has revolutionized the educational system of this country. It is not long since examinations were almost unheard of outside the walls of the universities, the hospitals, and the larger public schools. Now-a-days, not only is fitness for a commission in the army or navy tested by these ordeals, not only are the avenues to the learned professions studded with them, not only are the appointments in the Indian Civil Service granted exclusively to the best mark-winners, but postmen and telegraph-boys must pass examinations before they are allowed to enter the service of their country, and the very infants in the elementary schools are tested in the matter of adding together four figures, and hemming pocket-handkerchiefs. The institution of "Oxford and Cambridge Locals" has immensely stimulated the practice of systematically preparing for examinations in private schools. Boys of nine or ten years of age are "classed," and put one above another as wranglers used to be; and girls of twelve are familiar with "the air of bustling importance, the measured walk of conscious authority, the affectation of impenetrable mystery, the uncompromising look, the solemn contractions of the visage," of the professional Examiner.

It cannot be doubted that this system has done much good. It has stirred up the private schools, which formerly were too often the abodes of a dull and decorous ignorance, to fresh life and vigour; it has secured for us a more intelligent class of professional men and public servants; it has made lads and girls learn something who formerly would have learned little or nothing; and it has immensely raised the standard of both public and private teachers. But every human institution has

its weak points ; and perhaps it has been too readily taken for granted that what may be called the examining system of education is an unmixed good. The question whether this system has not certain dangers and disadvantages of its own might perhaps be "more fully inquired and laboured ;" one or two possible dangers and drawbacks of the system may at least be pointed out.

In the first place it may well be doubted whether study which is undertaken for the purpose of passing an examination is of equal value with that which is undertaken without any ulterior object. In the former case the student is almost forced to look upon learning not as a thing good in itself, but valuable as a means to an end ; and the intellect is degraded to serve a petty ambition, or to provide the means, not of earning a livelihood by mental labour, but of securing the fulfilment of an arbitrary condition upon which future bread-winning may depend. It is not, of course, impossible that a young man who hopes to secure a good post by taking a high place in an examination should value his attainments for their own sake ; it is not impossible that he should subordinate his work to the requirements of his intellect, and think more of the enlargement of his resources than of the number of marks he may hope to gain ; but few will deny that such an attitude of mind is, under such circumstances, extremely improbable. The student is almost certain to learn to regard study as a necessary evil ; his mind being constantly under the pressure of anxiety and hope, cannot pay an undivided attention to the work in hand ; a subject is selected or neglected, not with reference to its intrinsic value or interest for the student, but purely from a regard to whether it "pays" in marks or not. Even if the method of learning is not, strictly speaking, one of "cram"—even if each subject is thoroughly mastered up to a certain point, it is nearly certain that the study will bear the marks of task-work. It will be confined strictly to well-ascertained limits, ungraced by any deviations due to the idiosyncrasy or tastes of the student, deprived of the advantages of leisure, and of a comparison of the methods and the ideas of different writers. The well-packed text-book will be preferred to the more diffuse but (in a sense) more natural treatises which our grandfathers used. A lad can no more be well educated by text-books alone, than a horse can be well nourished by oats without hay. But the slower, gentler, more discursive and

liberal system of education is a waste of time, an anachronism, an impossibility, from the professional tutor's point of view.

Not only, however, is the system of examinations unlikely to encourage a love of learning; too often it tends to smother the gentle flame. The confessed weakness of the method is that it cannot defend itself against the hasty, strenuous, superficial kind of teaching known as "cramming." No one has a good word for cramming; and it is unnecessary to expatiate upon the evils which result from it. Knowledge hastily acquired is soon forgotten; and the effort to assimilate it rapidly is apt to breed a distaste for study which lasts for a lifetime. In spite of the immensely wider area over which classical learning is now diffused, it may be doubted whether a larger number of men read Horace or Homer in middle life than used to be the case. It would be interesting to discover what number of passmen ever open a Greek or Latin book after the day on which they receive their *testamur*. It is incredible that a taste for history or poetry can be encouraged, much less acquired, through the reading of manuals of history and set plays or pieces of poetry, on purpose to pass an examination in them. The study of Shakespeare may no doubt be delayed too long; but no lover of poetry can imagine without something like a shudder, Shelley's Ode to a Skylark being learned as a task, or Lycidas being pulled to pieces, and "ground up for an examination," by the help of Smith's Classical Dictionary. The only way really to test acquirements, to gauge the degree with which a certain course of study has taken hold of the mind, would be to examine the student both orally and in writing, some months after he had opened a book on the subject. This plan is, of course, impracticable in the great majority of cases; but the horror which such a proposal would excite in the breast of a professional "coach," or of a student preparing for a Civil Service examination, is enough to show the weakness, the fatal weakness, of the modern system of education. A tutor makes it his business to know, from an analysis of many examination papers, what questions are sure to be set; and he takes care that his pupil shall be able to answer enough of them to secure his passing. It used to be related at Cambridge that a certain scholar who could not learn mathematics went to his tutor in despair on the eve of his degree examination, and said he did not see how it was possible that he should get through. The tutor re-assured him by telling him that from an analysis of the

last few years' papers, he was certain that one of the questions put would be, "Explain the Binomial Theorem," and that if he could only answer that one question correctly he would not be plucked. Much comforted, the student went back to his rooms, committed the pages containing the theorem to memory, and entered the examination hall in a sanguine frame of mind. To his horror, by some unaccountable eccentricity of the examiners, the expected question was not in the paper—a mixed paper of algebra and natural science. There was not even a question which afforded him a chance of airing his hardly-won knowledge, and there was not one which he could even attempt to answer. He was observed to sit for some time in a state of deep thought; and when the day was over, the examiner found this on his desk: "Question 13. Explain the action of the common pump. Before describing the action of the common pump, it is necessary to explain the Binomial Theorem." And then followed the Theorem. Do what he will, an examiner cannot guard against "cram." If his paper contains many out of the way questions, it is reasonably objected that even a well-prepared student might by chance be unable to answer them. If he keeps to the well-trodden round, he meets the expectation of the scholar who comes with the answers to a few well-known questions at his fingers' ends, and is absolutely ignorant of the rest of the subject.

The most conspicuous evil, however, of the method of directing a whole course of study to the object of taking a high place in examinations, is the injury which is often caused to the brain and nervous system of the student. Many a young man thinks of his coming examination, and of nothing else, by day, and dreams of it by night. He starts from his sleep continually, haunted by the fear of disgrace or failure. Very often the baneful results of the system are not seen until after a man leaves college, and sinks into an intellectual apathy which is not so much idleness as the protest of exhausted nature. And even if the bad results are never apparent in the sense that a medical man could trace a disorder or a weakness to the overtaking of the brain power in early life, it is impossible that such a course of training should fail to leave bad effects either on the student himself or his descendants. It is not so much the number of hours a man works under the modern system which tend to injure him, as the mental conditions—the restless anxiety, the sickening alternatives of hope and fear, the consciousness that

the success or failure of his whole career may depend upon his present efforts under which his work is carried on. What trainer would ride a young horse day after day with whip and spur? The thing would be madness; and the system of competitive examinations for commissions and appointments in the Civil Service of India is nothing less than forcing young brains and nerves to work beyond their strength at the very period of life when a strain should be most carefully avoided.

Young men, however, are always more or less their own masters; and so long as there are plenty of candidates for these examinations they will continue to be held. With boys and girls it is different. Girls have less self-control (outside the sphere of morals) than lads of the same age. They are more apt to throw themselves heart and soul into anything they may undertake. They are also weaker than men (for the most part), in brain and nerves, and are therefore more liable to injure from over work. In the same way, the forcing system may be bad for young men of eighteen or twenty, but it is indefinitely worse for boys of fourteen or fifteen. Yet the system of training girls to conquer in the examination rooms, and of bringing up boys to bear the cost of their own education by winning scholarships and exhibitions from their earliest years is growing every day. The evil is not carried to so great an extent in this country as it is in some of the countries of Europe; but if things go on as they are doing, we shall soon match the state of things in Denmark, where the amount of work demanded from boys and girls at school is cruelly large. Dr. Hertel declares that in the Danish High Schools, the younger boys are expected to devote ten hours a day, and the older lads *from eleven to fourteen hours* a day, to their lessons; and this without any holiday on Saturday. The average number of hours at which these unfortunate youths and maidens are kept at work is stated to be eleven hours a day; and even deducting the time spent (in the case of the girls) in sewing and music—a deduction which we fancy English girls would loudly protest against—Danish girls are kept at hard mental work for eight or nine hours a day. We may safely assert that the Danes would never have become masters of the North Sea, would never have been able to invade England and seat Danish kings on the English throne, if in that remote epoch they had as children been confined and forced (or encouraged) to work their brains in such a way as that. Things have not come to such a pitch in

England ; but there is a marked tendency in that direction, a tendency which should be watched, and if necessary checked. Already the school-hours, added to the hours spent over home-lessons, are in many middle-class schools far too long ; and when the stimulus, the anxiety, the nervousness induced by the prospect of an examination is added, it becomes evident that the youthful nerves and brain are not having fair play, and are not receiving the training which will best fit them to play their part well in the battle of life.

These considerations may give rise to a doubt whether examinations are not an evil, necessary perhaps, but as much as possible to be avoided. In no case, it may be safely asserted, should a lad or a girl be constantly subjected to them. The Empire of England was certainly not founded by men bred in a system of examinations, nor, so far as can be judged, by men who would have shone under such a system, had it existed in their day. It may be said with truth that there are no signs of physical degeneracy, either in our army or in our home population. But every here and there the observer may note some one whom the system has undeniably spoiled, if not ruined, in mind or body, or in both. It is not in one generation or in two that an evil of this kind shows itself ; and it is not in three generations or in four that such a failing in power, once commonly established, could be repaired.

Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.

II.

LIKE many another dispute, that of Father Garnet's connection with the Gunpowder Plot has been greatly modified of late years. At first nothing would satisfy his accusers, but that he must be the originator of the whole conspiracy. Some of his defenders, on the contrary, maintained that the whole Plot was "a neat device of the Secretary Cecil." Neither extreme can now be defended, for by the admission of Father Garnet's strongest opponents, the controversy is narrowed to the interpretation of the facts admitted in that Father's ample and open confessions. Evidence against him there is absolutely none.

But before we relate these facts respecting Father Garnet, one question about the persons with whom his name has been associated, requires an answer. Can we give an explanation of so strange an event as that of finding good Catholics undeniably engaged in a criminal plot? The answer is that the Gunpowder Plot became possible only by the rise of a very extraordinary man in a very extraordinary time.

Of Robert Catesby nothing is more worthy of notice than the strong *a priori* improbability of his engaging in any such enterprise. The owner of large estates in the counties of Northampton, Warwick, and Oxford, honourably married, with issue to perpetuate the ancient family of which he was the only representative—such is not the sort of man we should have thought likely to engage in a desperate adventure, and this presumption might be further strengthened by the consideration of his moral qualities. He was brave and accomplished, attractive to that degree which makes even sober men risk life and fortune to follow where he should lead, honest of purpose and truthful, and, above all, exceedingly zealous for religion. These qualities should have, and would have, insured him from the frightful error into which he fell, had they not run to excess in more than one direction. Full of the chivalry that charac-

terized the Elizabethan period, he was also infected with its worldliness, a failing which ill accorded with the patience every Catholic had to practise, and moreover his force of character carried him into obstinate adherence to his own views and plans. This it was, that worked such ruin upon himself and all who came in contact with him. Happy times may lead such men so to direct their energies, that the evil side of their character is never displayed, but times of great temptation often bring out the latent flaw in unexpected ways. And assuredly those were times in which strong temptations presented themselves in very deceptive forms.

After the long persecution of Elizabeth, the son of Mary Queen of Scots came to the throne amid a halo of promise. That promise was followed by a period of short but most welcome peace. It was freely reported that the hoped for toleration was at once to be realized. But this was not to be, and the passing gleam served in the end only to make men perceive with greater ill-will the gloom of the returning storm. Moreover there were irritating features about the new persecution, such as the farming and sub-letting of fines, the multiplicity of liabilities, and the like, which made it more irksome than ever. While on the other hand the short space in which they had lifted up their heads enabled Catholics to feel the force of their numbers in a way they could not have done before. Some still believed that they constituted the majority in the State. There were certainly districts in which their numbers were overwhelming. Finally, persecution under an unmarried Queen might at any time cease with her death. Should it however become a fixed tradition of government under a dynasty that seemed likely to hold the throne for generations, what hope could even the most powerful house have of long resisting the measures so cunningly devised and enforced for their gradual extinction? Thus ruin seemed assured, and this, joined with universal irritation, collapse of hope, and the opening of an endless vista of vexations, brought with it the temptation to despair of honest relief.

"If any one green leaf for Catholics could have been visibly discerned by the eye of Catesby, Winter, Garnet, Faux, and the rest, they would neither have entered into practice . . . nor missions and combinations."¹ Such are the words of the Crown

¹ Note Lord Northampton's speech, *True and Perfect Relation of the Proceedings against the late Traitors.* Sig. M, 4.

60 *Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.*

apologist, words still more remarkable when we consider, that they are put forward in the summing up against the conspirators, as showing the aggravation of their guilt. For James well understood that the only excuse for his conduct towards Catholics that would be acceptable to the Protestant party, was, not to deny that the Catholics had reasons to despair, but to declare that he had never given them cause to hope.

Of the working of the temptations we have specified, we obtain some glimpses from Father Garnet's examinations. The first is: After the first half-year of James' reign "Mr. Catesby told me there would be some stirring seeing the King kept not promise. I greatly disliked it, saying it was against the Pope's express commandment. Therefore I earnestly desired him that he and Mr. Thomas Winter would not join in any such tumults: for in respect of their often conversations with us, we should be thought accessory. He assured me he would not."²

Catesby was true to his word for a time, but he was not the sort of man to be long led by any one's advice. His was a nature that decided its own course. Not that he would wittingly go wrong. In all his actions, which subsequent inquiry has brought to our knowledge, he seems to have acted on some sort of conviction that he was in the right. It is this mistaken conviction of their own righteousness that makes the peculiar danger of such men. They are not suspected. They hardly suspect themselves. They think it honourable not to compromise others by confiding to them dangerous plans, or if their friends try to dissuade them, they think those friends are acting from merely prudential reasons.

In the present instance Catesby had deceived himself in the following way. Some eight years before, when in the dispute about the succession to the Crown a Catholic candidate seemed to have a good chance of success, the English Catholics had been exhorted by the Pope to cleave to a successor of their own creed, and not to admit, as far as in them lay, any one who would not bind himself, by the old coronation oath, to favour their religion.³ This was of course both constitutional, and, if feasible, every Catholic's plain duty. But Catesby now fell into the fallacy of thinking that what was *once* right under *certain* circumstances, became henceforth right under *all* circumstances; and he formulated the application of

² Examination, March 13, P.R.O. Foley, *Records*, vol. iii. p. 157.

³ Tierney's *Dodd*, iii. lxx.

his faulty principle in the following terms: "If it was right to keep him out" (meaning the King), "it is right to put him out."

Convinced by this sophistry, which so bewitched him, that he neither adverted to the immense difference between resisting a merely proposed government, and overturning a settled one, nor awoke to the barbarity of the means he was employing, he conceived and organized the monstrous plot which has disgraced his name. It is however no slight proof of the sincerity of his mind that he twice allowed the project to drop when a change in things political seemed to foreshadow possible relief for Catholics.

The first of these renunciations we have already mentioned. With the next Father Garnet is also connected. About mid-summer, 1604, some steps in the Plot having been already taken, Catesby insinuated that they had something in hand, but entered into no particulars. Father Garnet dissuaded him. Catesby answered, "Why were we commanded before to keep out one that was not a Catholic, and now may not exclude him?" And this he thought "an invincible argument," and "was so resolved in conscience that it was lawful in itself to take arms for religion that no man could dissuade it, but by the Pope's prohibition. Whereupon I urged that the Pope himself had given other orders, and that now, all princes were very joyful as well as the Pope." And Father Garnet added in his own hand to the examination: "*and he promised to surcease.*"⁴

That promise again he kept until the renewed disappointment at the failure of toleration, which it was hoped would be granted at the time of the peace with Spain. But the Spanish Ambassador was so entirely deceived as to James' character and intentions, that he thought him likely to become a Catholic himself,⁵ and that it was therefore unwise to worry him about toleration. In the peace which was ratified on the 18th of August no mention was made of relief for Catholics.

Of the state of feeling among Catholics during these and the ensuing negotiations Father Garnet informed his superiors at Rome, in no uncertain tones. Thus on the 29th of August he

⁴ Examinations of March 13 and 14, P.R.O.

⁵ *Roman Transcripts* (Bliss). September 24, 1604, P.R.O. In the same invaluable collection we find Father Garnet writing to ask the Nuncio to buy toleration from the Ministers of James who were then accepting so readily the pensions of the Court of Spain. The plan was however refused for the reason we have mentioned above. It was afterwards often revived, but the money was wanting.

62 *Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.*

wrote in cipher: "If the affair of the toleration go not well Catholics will no more be quiet. What shall we do? Jesuits cannot hinder it. Let the Pope forbid all Catholics to stir."⁶ And again a month later he writes of himself and his fellow-Jesuits: "Though they cannot hinder what every tumultuous head intendeth, yet can they carry with them to peaceable courses the best and most Catholics."⁷

Three days after the date of this letter the failure of the half-hearted negotiations for toleration was accentuated by the sending of a large body of priests and other Catholic prisoners into exile. This policy, while aggravating the Catholics in general, finally spurred the conspirators into action. Though still ignorant of this, Father Garnet could not help seeing the disquiet which reigned among Catholics. Thus on the 8th of May he writes in cipher: "All are desperate. Divers Catholics are offended with Jesuits. They say that Jesuits do impugn and hinder all forcible enterprises. I dare not inform myself of their affairs because of the prohibition of Father General for meddling in such affairs. (Then out of cipher.) And so I cannot give you an exact account. This I know by mere chance."⁸

The only known "forcible enterprises," which can be here referred to, were those which so much disconcerted Robert Bennet, Bishop of Hereford. Three weeks before Father Garnet's letter, five-and-twenty Catholics had assembled to bury a Catholic woman, after the parson had refused to do so, on the ground that she was "excommunicated." Though they had no priest, they appear not to have hidden their religion, for the Bishop was specially aggrieved at their bearing a cross, and ringing a bell.

Had they stopped here, no one could have blamed them, but they assembled again, his lordship declared, to resist his sheriff, and on another occasion they actually rescued a Catholic prisoner. The Bishop's pastoral zeal was now fully roused, and stringent measures were adopted. "The justices of the peace, with such aid as I could give them [setting out of an evening], did make diligent search all night and day following from village to village, from house to house, about thirty miles compass near the confines of Monmouthshire. There they found houses full of altars, images, books of superstition, relics

⁶ Morris, *Condition of Catholics*, p. 72.

⁷ *Ibid.* Sept. 21.

⁸ *Ibid.* p. 75.

of idolatry, but left desolate of men and women, except here and there an aged woman or a child, all fled into Wales."⁹

This flight of the poor Catholics was perhaps due to a letter of Father Garnet's "to my friend Mr. Jhones."¹⁰ In it he advises his friend as follows: "I pray you give your children instruction to bear their persecutions patiently, or else to fly, lest we be found to strive against God. For we, being foretold by the Scripture that these persecutions should come, let every man [of us] be patient and faithful, for the more we are persecuted the greater is our glory. We must think that God hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, as was in our Saviour's time by the Jews. But it is pity, for they lead so many a poor soul to perdition."¹¹ A news-letter from Paris informs us that in punishment for these disturbances two men were hanged, many heavily fined, others banished.¹²

Father Garnet's next letter¹³ is doubly interesting, both from the vivid picture of his mode of life, and from the dramatic contrast it offers between dangers escaped and impending. It is addressed to Sister Elizabeth Shirley, a nun at Louvain.

My very good Sister,—All your friends are well, and salute you. Though beside our general affliction we find ourselves now betrayed in both our places of abode, and are forced to wander up and down, until we get a fit place, yet we impute to the great providence of God that our persons have escaped through your prayers and others.

We kept Corpus Christi day with great solemnity and music, and the day of the octave made a solemn procession about a great garden, the house being watched, when we departed twenty-five in the sight of all in several parties, leaving half-a-dozen servants behind; and all is well, *et evasimus manus eorum in nomine Domini*.

And so you see I have thus many years rubbed out, not being worthy to suffer anything for His sake, in whose affairs I am employed.

⁹ P.R.O., *Dom. James I.*, June 19, 1604.

¹⁰ A priest so called, probably the Jesuit of that name, was then missionary in the district.

¹¹ This letter now remains only in a transcript in Sancroft's hand (Bodleian, Tanner MS. v. 75), and is signed, not with Father Garnet's initials as most of his letters are, but "Walley," the alias he was usually known by in England.

¹² *Roman Transcripts*. P.R.O., September 25, 1605.

¹³ Foley, *Records*, iii. 141, from Stonyhurst MS.

64 *Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.*

God grant that we may all one day meet together before His face for to enjoy Him for ever, and the time cannot be long. *Modica passio gloria infinita*, as St. Francis said.

To your Reverend Superior, and all the rest, I humbly commend myself. This Midsummer Day, 1605.

Yours always, H. G.

"All is well." "Evasimus." "The time cannot be long." Comparing these words with the events that were taking place, strange reflections may well rise in our minds. On Thursday, the octave day, of Corpus Christi, he is carrying the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession, unaware of the spies that beset him. On Friday, he departs, grateful to God for so signal an escape. On Saturday, Catesby asks him what seemed "as it were an idle question," yet that idle question was the commencement of his cruel cares and complications, nay, the very theme of the indictment, on which he was condemned to death.

"On the Saturday after the *Utas* (octave) of Corpus Christi, Mr. Catesby¹⁴ asked me whether, in case it were lawful to kill a person or persons, it were necessary to regard the innocents, which were present, lest they also should perish withal. I answered that in all just wars it is practised and held lawful to beat down houses and walls and castles, notwithstanding innocents were in danger, so that such battering were necessary for the obtaining of victory, and that the multitude of innocents, or the harm which might ensue by their death, were not such that it might countervail the gain and commodity of the victory. And in truth I never imagined anything of the King's Majesty, nor of any particular, and thought it, as it were, an idle question, till I saw him, when we had done, make solemn protestation, that he would never be known to have asked me any such question as long as he lived.

"After this I began to muse with myself what this should mean, and fearing lest he should intend the death of some great person, and, by seeking to draw them together, to enwrap not only innocents but friends and necessary persons for the common wealth, I thought I would take fit occasion to admonish him—that upon my speech he should not run headlong to so

¹⁴ The rest of this part of our story is taken, generally verbatim, from Father Garnet's first and fullest account of his relations with the conspirators, headed Garnet's Declaration, March 9. The original is at Hatfield, MS. 110, 30. I am indebted to Mr. S. R. Gardiner for the use of his copy.

great a mischief. This I did after, at the house in Essex, when he came with my Lord Mounteagle and Mr. Tresham.

"For walking in the gallery with him alone, my lord standing afar off, I told him that upon that question lately asked I had mused much with myself, and wished him to look what he did, if he intended anything. That he must first look to the lawfulness of the act itself, and then he must not have so little regard of innocents that he spare not friends and necessary persons for the common wealth."¹⁵ Catesby hereupon assured him that all his plans were unexceptionable, and offered to get leave from a third party to tell Father Garnet of them. Garnet, however, pointed out that he was prohibited from listening to such things, and "told him what charge we had of all quietness, and to procure the like in others. Oh," said he, "let me alone for that. Do you not see how I seek to enter into familiarity with this lord?" And so Catesby turned aside to talk to Lord Mounteagle.

This answer threw Father Garnet off the scent, which it would appear he had at first shrewdly hit upon, and his suspicions now seem to have turned towards some combination of nobles and gentry for a dash at power, such as Essex and Watson had vainly essayed. Now it so happened that a very convenient excuse was ready to his hand for sounding Catesby and his companions as to whether this surmise was, or was not, founded on fact.

He was expecting an answer to his letters written upon occasion of the "little tumult" in Wales, wherein he had desired that the Pope would expressly prohibit all commotions. So now telling his friends that he wanted information to be able to respond to the anticipated letter, he asked them point-blank whether they thought Catholics "were able to make their part good by arms against the King."

Lord Mounteagle answered: "If ever they were, they are able now;" and then added this reason: "The King," saith he, "is so odious to all sorts."

But Father Garnet, not satisfied with the answer, declared that he must make the Pope a definite statement, and could not address him with "if's." Then they allowed that Catholics had no such power.

¹⁵ This sentence is obscurely worded, the meaning of course is that as regards the killing of innocents (1) the cause must be lawful, i.e., a just war, (2) that so important a circumstance as the presence of friends or persons necessary for the common weal, would of itself vitiate the act, suppose it were otherwise lawful.

"Why, then," said Father Garnet, "you see how some do wrong the Jesuits, saying that they hinder Catholics from helping themselves, and how it importeth us all to be quiet, and so we must, and will be."

And, in order to get their opinion still more clearly, he went on to ask "if Watson's plot had taken effect, or the like hereafter should, would it be for the good of the Catholic religion?"

Tresham answered "it were very uncertain. For then either Northumberland or the Howards would bear the sway, and what course they would take is uncertain."

And as they were rising from their conference, Tresham remarked again: "We must expect the end of Parliament, and see what laws are made against Catholics, and then seek for help of foreign princes."

"No," said Garnet, "assure yourself they will do nothing."

"What!" said my Lord Mounteagle, "Will not the Spaniard help us? It is a shame!"

"Then," said Father Garnet, "you see we must all have patience."

So the meeting ended, and Garnet resolved to write to the Pope, that the Catholics could be relieved neither by "strength nor stratagem, but with patience, and intercession of princes."

Immediately after this meeting the expected letters arrived. "I received very earnest letters from our General, Father Claudius Aquaviva, one for myself and another for Mr. Blackwell, wherein he saith that he writeth *in mandato Papæ*, that we were expressly commanded by His Holiness to hinder by all possible means all conspiracies of Catholics. That the Pope was not, neither would be, unmindful of us, and if (which God forbid) any tumult should be raised, it would not only be prejudicial to the persons of Catholics and the whole Catholic cause, but it would somewhat diminish the great desire and care he had to do us good. Father General wrote to me in particular that besides all this, it would greatly impair the credit and good estimation of our Society; for men would hardly be persuaded but that the Jesuits were either consenting or at least privy to any such action." The effect of this letter was immediately published by Blackwell the archpriest.¹⁶

¹⁶ On July 22. Tierney, iv. App. p. 100, from a copy in Record Office. It is important to notice that the letter above, and Father Garnet's answer of the 25th of July, are so exactly quoted by him in his examinations, though of course from memory, that every sentence and many terms of expression may be found in the original now at the Public Record Office. This increases our confidence in the accuracy with which Father Garnet reports the rest of his story.

"Soon after this, Mr. Catesby came again, as he was seldom long from us, from the great affection he bore to the gentlewoman with whom I lived, and unto me. I showed him my letter from Rome, and admonished him of the Pope's pleasure. I said I feared he had some device in his head; whatsoever it was, being against the Pope's will, it would not prosper.

"He said, as for what he meant to do—if the Pope knew it he would not hinder it, being for the general good of our country. But I being earnest with him and inculcating the General's¹⁷ prohibition, who amongst other reasons did add this: *Quia expresse hoc Papa non vult et prohibet*. He told me he was not bound to take knowledge by me of the Pope's will. I said indeed my own credit was but little, but our General, whose letter I had read to him, was a man everywhere respected for his wisdom and virtue, and I desired him that he would acquaint the Pope. He said he would not for the world make his particular project known to him for fear of discovery. I wished him at least in general to inform him how things stood here, by some lay gentleman. This I did of purpose to have the Pope say as much to him that should go, as he had said to us, which would be a most effectual way of preventing all attempts.

"In fine, he promised me he would do nothing before the Pope was informed in general by such a messenger. I myself propounded Sir Edmund Baynham, who was already determined to go into Flanders. But I would not be the author of his going further than Flanders, for the Pope would not take well that we (Jesuits) should busy ourselves in sending messengers."

This was agreed to, and Catesby again offered to impart the secret of his plans to Father Garnet,¹⁸ which he now had leave to do. Garnet however again refused.

"Sir Edmund accordingly came unto me," Father Garnet continues, "and I desired him to go to the Nuncio in Flanders, who was informed there was no persecution in England.¹⁹ I wished him to take his instructions of gentlemen of experience which he or Mr. Catesby should know. Only I put him in mind of some points, as of two priests executed in the North: of severity in new seizing of goods, of expectation of severe laws

¹⁷ "Pope's" in MS.

¹⁸ Father Garnet does not here mention (as he does elsewhere) that the introduction to the Plot was only given after an oath of secrecy. This would be accounted for by his stopping Catesby as soon as the subject was broached, and before the conditions of initiation were mentioned.

¹⁹ This was very true a short time before this date. His despatches, however, show that he had now recognized the true state of affairs. See Note 3, ante.

in Parliament, and as I think of every six weeks inquiry appointed, if it were then appointed. And all my purpose in this his employment was (as before God I speak it) only by peaceable means and intercession of princes to obtain of his Majesty some relief." So their meeting ended, which Father Garnet tells us, was "but once and brief."

It may be well here to remark that Father Garnet afterwards, as we shall see in due course, asked pardon in most ample form, with straightforwardness and humility, for deciding on his own responsibility that the means he was taking for the preservation of peace, were all that he was bound to by his grave suspicions of mischief.

Meanwhile, however, Father Garnet's refusal to hear anything about schemes of violence had not tended to quiet Catesby's mind, and he took the next opportunity during his confession of opening the subject to Father Greenway, *alias* Tesimond. Catesby permitted Father Greenway to inform Father Garnet under the same seal of confession, and arranged that neither should be bound by that seal when lawfully examined by their Superiors.²⁰

Father Garnet had hardly finished his interview with Baynham, and had not yet written to Rome, when Father Greenway rode over to Fremland, the house in Essex where Father Garnet was then living. "Walking with me in my chamber," so Father Garnet told the Lords Commissioners, "he seemed much perplexed. He said he had a thing in his mind which he would fain tell me, but that he *was bound to silence*." "And we walked long together as it were in a balance whether he should tell or I give him the hearing." At last Father Garnet made an overture. If Greenway had heard it out of confession and so could tell him out of confession, he would give ear, provided no one should ever know. But Greenway could not utter it except under the seal of confession. At last Father Garnet consented, and so learnt the fatal secret. He was amazed, he says, and said it was a most horrible thing, the like of which was never heard of, for many reasons unlawful, and he earnestly commanded Greenway to use his utmost endeavour to frustrate the plans of the conspirators. This Father Greenway protested he would do, and he also afterwards declared to Father Eudæmon Joannes,²¹ by a comparison very expressive to a Jesuit in Italy, that he ever after laboured to prevent the plot with as

²⁰ Father Garnet to Anne Vaux, April 3, 1606, R.O. ; Greenway's Relation, Stonyhurst MS. p. 109.

²¹ Eudæmon, *Apologia*, p. 258.

much diligence as if the Pope's own life had been in question. Father Garnet moreover exacted a promise that neither Catesby or any one else should ever be informed of his privy, and Father Greenway solemnly protests that he observed this promise most exactly.

Poor Father Garnet! When Father Greenway had ended his short and sudden conference, he must have left him with his heart heavy with forebodings of evil. He is described by all who knew him as full of kindness and amiability, and it is evident that he inspired devotion bordering on enthusiasm in those who lived with him, and now the man of peace found himself face to face with a deed full of nameless horrors, and cut off from all but very indirect and remote means of averting it. It would be his own friends, those for whom he had worked most, who would be involved in the trouble. Then too he had been warned by the General himself of this danger; and what should he now do to fulfil his orders; or how defend the good fame of the Society, which would surely be reproached for the ill deeds of its friend? He was cut off from the most natural resource in danger. He could not even ask for help. His lips were sealed. Whatever anxiety might torment him, he must behave as though his knowledge were not.

Yet haunted as he was with this feeling of helplessness in the last resort, there was still at first room for hope. Catesby was after all by no means a bad man or a hardened man, and there seemed excellent reasons for expecting that he might be persuaded to give up his desperate resolution. The very fact of his mentioning it to a priest at all seemed to be an earnest pledge that he would take his counsellor's advice. He had moreover declared his resolution so to do, should he clearly see that it was even a venial sin,²² and surely Father Greenway armed with new explanations from Father Garnet would be able to bring even such a man as Catesby to a truer appreciation of the act he meditated.

Then too could he believe that Catesby would continue in a conspiracy, the binding link of which was the imagined assent of the Pope, now that the Pope had so lately forbidden all violence? This on reflection seemed an excellent reason for hope, and that hope seemed indefinitely strengthened by Catesby's further promise to proceed or give over his enterprise, according as the Pope (who would soon be informed by a messenger whom Catesby could rely on) should in general terms

²² Eudæmon, *Apologia*, p. 258.

give or withhold permission for the use of force. This made Catesby's promise so clearly a renunciation of the whole plot that Father Garnet felt relieved. Still as a further precaution he would on his previous knowledge write to Rome and beg that any Catholic who attempted violence might immediately fall under the penalties of excommunication. The hope that this request would be granted, "and Mr. Catesby's promise," said Father Garnet, "made me think that either nothing would be done, or not before the end of Parliament."

Writing then on the 24th of July, within a day or two of the confession, he assures the Pope through the General of the Society, that there was no fear of any extensive rising amongst Catholics. For that he could pledge his influence, which he had exerted four times and always successfully. There were however two great sources of anxiety. First the danger of disturbance spreading when it had once broken out. Some there were who would not obey the mere prohibition of the Pope. They asked whether the Pope could prevent their defending themselves; they declared that no priest should know of their project; and they complained that he the writer in particular hindered their plans. To quiet these men therefore and gain time for further remedies, he had exhorted them to send a representative to lay their views before the Pope. This had been done, and he had directed the messenger to the Nuncio in Flanders. The second source of danger was in a way worse, to wit, that violence should be offered to the King and thus war kindled in which the Catholics would have to fight in self-defence. He therefore begs that two things may be done. First that the Pope should give them some direction what course to follow if either of the above dangers befall. The other that he should forbid all Catholics under pain of excommunication from taking up arms. This excommunication should be published by brief, the occasion for which might very well be taken from the recent disturbances in Wales. Finally he begs that the Pope may be pressed to help them and that quickly in the difficulties by which they are surrounded.

Difficulties have arisen in the minds of some Protestant authors as to the information thus supplied to Rome. They have blamed Father Garnet severely because he did not "reveal the act while concealing the names" or give "a vivid representation of a horrible calamity, threatening the extirpation of the royal family and the ruin of the Kingdom."²³ Catholics however cannot admit any such objection for a moment.

²³ Jardine, p. 297.

Such a representation would have been an open violation of the seal of confession, and was therefore entirely unlawful whether it had been his own life or the Pope's, or any one else's, which was at stake. Nay, further, the information which it is suggested Father Garnet should have given, would most probably have led to investigation and publicity, and thus public scandal would have ensued as well as sacrilege. It needs therefore no great skill in theology to know that all that Father Garnet was justified in publishing was information gained from sources other than the confessional.

Of course he could not in conscience give false information, because he was not able to tell everything that he knew: though any one who supposes that there was probability of such deceit between high officials in the Society of Jesus, must be very ill acquainted with the organization and traditions of that Order. And it must also be allowed that if the tone of his letters were such as to speak peace when there was no peace, or if his frequent mention of the patience of Catholics were intended to exclude all possible fear of a catastrophe from the fanatical, this would clearly have been to suggest a falsehood.

But does he so speak of peace? Mr. Jardine²⁴ evidently thinks so, but for our own part we can only see in the enumeration of dangers, the imprecation of censures, and the earnest request for advice, the most forcible representation that it was in Father Garnet's power to make, from his general knowledge of the dangers arising from the angry and rebellious state of mind in which some Catholics were at the moment.

The letter was dated the 24th of July, and though we have none of his correspondence before a quotation of the 28th of August, it would appear that he continued to urge his petition in his regular correspondence with Rome, whither he wrote sometimes as often as once a week.

Of the letter of August we have an extract and unfortunately only an extract. "And for all we can see Catholics are quiet and likely to continue their old patience and to trust to the King or his son for to remedy all in time." This might well be part of an antithesis, as in the previous letter; the uncertainty respecting the conduct of individuals being balanced against the certainty as regards the Catholic body. On the other hand we know that Father Garnet for reasons we have already explained had begun to "think that either nothing would be done or not before the end of Parliament." And there was nothing to

²⁴ P. 298.

72 *Father Henry Garnet and the Gunpowder Plot.*

prevent the general tone of his letters from reflecting the tone of his mind.

The occasion of the letter we have just quoted was "to advise Father Persons that he was just starting on a pilgrimage to St. Winefride's Well for health and want of a house."²⁵ His visits to this celebrated shrine "in this unbelieving age still miraculous," had been commended to him from Rome as a relief from his work, and he desired to obtain the cure of his health, "for having the palsy," he wrote, "I had rather shake at Tyburn than in my room."

Accordingly, in the beginning of September he set out accompanied by Brother Nicholas Owen, better known as "Little John," easy to recognize from a broken leg grown crooked, to whose skill in contriving hiding-places so many priests in England owed their lives. Twenty years he had laboured in and around London, and now he left it for the last time. What a contrast between the quiet departure of the old priest, riding out in his unpretending fustian with the little crooked-legged lay-brother as his companion, to the hurly-burly of the return, when half London turned out to see the "Young Pope," carried prisoner to the Gatehouse escorted by the Sheriff and his guard!

From London they rode to Gothurst in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Sir Everard Digby, whence the little band of pilgrims started. The company consisted of his hostess the Lady Digby, Mr. and Mrs. Brooksby, Mrs. Anne Vaux, the latter's sister, Sir Francis Lacon and his daughter, and Mr. Thomas Digby. Besides these ladies and gentlemen and their servants there was another priest Father Strange, also a Jesuit, then the chaplain of Sir Everard Digby. The whole party amounted to nearly thirty souls.

This pilgrimage gives a striking example of the treatment Father Garnet's history has received at the hands of his opponents.²⁶ Mr. Jardine, after enumerating the pilgrims from Handy's Examination, catches at the name of Ambrose Rookwood, and points out that he was an "avowed conspirator." Six lines further on the one avowed conspirator advances from singular to plural, from mere resolution to active participation, and then the party of travellers is described as "persons actively engaged

²⁵ Very interesting contemporary accounts of forty-nine miracles worked there between 1556 and 1668 have been published in the last number of the *Analecta Bollandiana*, from the Stonyhurst seventeenth century MS. Miracles in the years 1600, 1603, 1606, are there recorded.

²⁶ Pp. 180 and 301.

in the Plot," and finally they become "sworn conspirators." Father Garnet thus naturally is the leader of the traitor band. And the reader continues the story pursued by a vision of fanatical emissaries surrounding the Jesuit archtraitor, while he hypocritically prays for the success of the "great blow about to be struck for the good of the Roman Catholic religion."

Why is investigation so painfully matter of fact? For first it remorselessly brings back poetic plurals to the concrete singular, and then unkindly goes on to show that the single pilgrim-conspirator was neither pilgrim nor conspirator. For Mr. Jardine has overlooked the fact that Rookwood was not admitted into the Gunpowder Plot till after this time, as also that he only fell in with the company for one day. By a similar oversight he has introduced Mrs. Rookwood into the company, though in fact they met her riding in the opposite direction.

To return to our party. On the journey they would stop for the night at some Catholic friend's house, and in the morning the two priests would say Mass. Even at Shrewsbury, when they had to put up in an inn, and at "a castle in a holt in Denbighshire," the daily Masses were said without interruption, and even the servants were present. At St. Winefride's Well, too, though the inn must have been small for so large a number, the Holy Sacrifice was again offered, and then the ladies went barefoot to the Well.

At Holywell they stopped but one night. Returning next day they slept at a farmhouse seven miles from Shrewsbury, and after that they were again in the circle of their own friends. In these Catholic households Father Garnet could not only make his devotions in safety, but he had the further pleasure of meeting many Jesuits and priests. "In my journey," he wrote, "I have met with divers journeymen and workmen²⁷ also, to my great comfort, and in every place I have been exceedingly welcome, more than I deserve."

Here then among his friends let us leave him for the time, in happy ignorance of the storm of care, obloquy and suffering that was soon to burst upon him.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

²⁷ Journeymen and workmen signify Jesuits and secular priests. Such simple disguises were found to be safer than ciphers, being less likely to attract notice. The original letter, dated October 5, 1605, is now in the Westminster Archives, printed in Tierney, IV. civ.

The Sacrament of Sacraments.

I.

THE revealed doctrine of the real presence of Jesus on earth and among men to-day, as on all the days since He disappeared from the eyes of men on earth, and on all the days of the future, until that day when He shall be visibly present to all human eyes, is a compendium of Christianity. This doctrine brings to a focus the truths of the Christian faith—the objects of Christian worship—and the treasures which are in Christ.

That Jesus the Son of God, who is also Son of Mary, is truly, really, and substantially present in the Sacrament of the Eucharist—or that that Sacrament truly, really and substantially, and not in sign only, or in figure, or virtually, contains the Body and Blood, together with the Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, and consequently contains the whole, living Christ, the Incarnate Word—is a truth of divine revelation, and of Catholic faith.

Within the pale of the worldwide Church of God, the one Catholic and Roman Church of Christ, belief in the real presence of Jesus in a Sacrament reigns supreme. The doctrine is imbedded, and rooted and bears fruit in the minds and hearts of the millions of members who together, and in union with Him, compose that Church. With regard to the truth of this real presence of Jesus there is, within His Church, no dispute, no doubt, and much less is there any denial. Denial of this doctrine she has rendered impossible, in the sense of incompatible with continuance in her communion, for every one who says otherwise than as she teaches, and as she has defined in her Council of Trent, she lays under anathema, that is to say, under the curse of God.

2.

The Sacrament of the Eucharist was instituted by Jesus Christ on the night before His death. He had eaten the Paschal Supper with His Apostles for the last time. The supper ended,

He took bread from the table into His hands, and said—"This is My Body." He then took wine in a chalice into His hands, and said—"This is My Blood." Three of the four Evangelists record the action, and simply narrate the fact without attempt at explanation. Explanation or comment was not needed—the words of Jesus were clear. He had fulfilled His promise—and they understood its fulfilment in the light of the promise.

The promise had been made at Capharnaum, in presence of the multitudes whose minds He had prepared, by a miracle wrought on bread, for belief in the mystery of His own real presence under the outward appearance of bread. He declared to his listeners that besides the meat that perisheth, there is a meat which endureth unto everlasting life which He the Son of man would give them—the true Bread from heaven given by His Father—the Bread of God which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world—Himself, the Bread of Life. The Jews then murmured because He said—"I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven;" and they said—"Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How then saith he—"I came down from heaven?" Jesus not only reiterated His words—"I am the Bread of Life, the Living Bread which came down from Heaven"—but unfolded and laid bare their inmost meaning—"The bread which I will give is *My Flesh*, for the life of the world." The Jews then debated among themselves saying—"How can *this man* give us *his flesh* to eat? By these words the doubters and debaters themselves determined the issue. This issue Jesus met with statement after statement, each confirming His hearers' literal interpretation of His previous words, and reiterating those words with a nakedness which laid bare their literal meaning. Prefacing His declaration with the solemn asseveration, common among the Jews in confirmation of a grave and measured statement, "Amen, Amen, I say unto you," He continued—"Unless you *eat the flesh* of the Son of man, and *drink His blood*, you shall not have life in you—he that *eateth My flesh*, and *drinketh My blood* hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day—for My flesh is meat *indeed*, and My blood is drink *indeed*—he that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood *abideth in Me*, and *I in him*—as the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so *he that eateth Me*, the same also *shall live by Me*." These things He said teaching in the synagogue at Capharnaum. Many of His disciples astonished by this doctrine,

said, "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" and they went back, and walked no more with Him.

3.

Two points are clear, and the first is—that there can be no doubt what the men of Capharnaum understood Jesus to mean. The question, to begin with, is not—Were the men of Capharnaum right in what they understood? but—What did the men of Capharnaum understand? For answer we are not merely not left in uncertainty, or to conjecture, or to the process of our reason. We are driven into the corner of one conclusion with absolute certainty, and our knowledge is stereotyped in that certainty. The words of those men are like nails which have nailed our minds down to one, and to one only possible conclusion. They understood the meaning of Jesus in the obvious and literal sense of His words. Apart from it, and had they understood Him to speak metaphorically, they would have had no difficulty. His words would not have been to them hard sayings which they could not hear, and they would not have objected;—"How *can* this man give us his *flesh* to eat?" By His word "flesh" they understood Him to mean the visible, tangible, living, breathing, palpitating flesh of His body on which they gazed. Whether they were right or wrong, is another question. This is what most certainly they understood. Their murmurings and debates have placed the fact beyond controversy. They have served their purpose, as did the malice of the men who sealed the sepulchre, and thereby supplied the most unimpeachable testimony to the identity of the risen with the crucified Christ. The words of the men of Capharnaum determined the issue as regards the impression left on their minds by the words of Jesus.

Another point is equally clear—that the conduct of Jesus showed unmistakeably that the literal sense and none other, was that sense in which He meant and willed His words to be understood. Again, the question is not as yet—Is the doctrine of the real presence of Jesus in the sacrament of the Eucharist, a truth of divine revelation? but—Was this doctrine taught by Jesus of Nazareth? That it was undoubtedly taught by Him, we are bound, by all the principles of reasoning, and by all the rules of evidence, to believe and maintain. If the men of Capharnaum had been mistaken in their interpretation, Jesus would not only

naturally and in His own interest have set them right, but He would have been bound to set them right. He would have been bound by every obligation of fidelity, of charity, and of justice. He would have been bound by fidelity to the divine message with which He had been intrusted, and in discharge of His office as a prophet of God. His function as a prophet was not merely to utter words which might be true in some sense of which they were capable; but to utter such words as should secure that the corresponding idea in His mind which they expressed should be impressed on the minds of those to whom He spoke. He would have been bound to set them right, by justice as well as by charity, and by both as they concerned not men only, but Himself and His Father who had sent Him. Instead, however, of any modification of His words, or any explaining of them away, we find Him deliberately and solemnly confirming them by adding words which necessarily developed, and deepened in their minds, and in the same direction, the sense in which His previous words had been understood.

What the doctrine of Jesus was, there can be no doubt. The further question with regard to the truth of His doctrine depends for its answer in our minds on what we believe about His parentage, and who and what He was. The men of Capharnaum supposed Him to be the son of Joseph, as He was undoubtedly the son of Mary. They regarded Him as a human person, and as mere man. For this reason they rejected His doctrine as false. His claim was to them incredible, because it seemed to them impossible. We believe, with Peter, that Jesus is the Son of the living God. So believing we recognize and receive His doctrine as divine, and say to Him with Peter—"Thou hast the words of eternal life." The words of eternal life are the truths of the divine revelation. Among them there is contained the central and cardinal truth of the real presence of Jesus in the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

4.

Having considered His words of promise of that presence, let our thoughts return to the institution by Jesus of the sacrament which verified His promise. We find ourselves in the guest-chamber at Jerusalem on a Thursday night. It was the night on which He was betrayed and sold. It was the night before the day on which He suffered the shameful agonies

of death by crucifixion. He was on the verge of His passion. He was within a few hours of being nailed to His cross. He knew it. His disciples are around Him. Their thoughts are intent on every word as it falls from His lips. He has eaten with them the Paschal lamb—the type of Himself as He is the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Celebrating with them for the last time the chief religious rite of the Old Law, He has buried that law. He proceeds to inaugurate the New Law by His institution of its central religious rite. He had long trained and prepared the minds of His followers for what they were to hear Him say, and see Him do that night. Some of them had been with Him at Cana of Galilee, when He manifested His glory, by the evidence of an exercise of His power over His creature of water, which converted it straightway into His creature of wine. All of them had been with Him on the mountain when He displayed His power over His creature of bread, multiplying it until five small loaves sufficed, and more than sufficed, for the feeding of five thousand men. The scene at Capharnaum, to which this mighty miracle was the intended prelude, must have been not seldom present to their minds. On the Thursday night, when they heard His words directed towards the bread which he held in His hands, the scene must have again presented itself, and stood out before their minds with a special strikingness, even among the many striking events which their eyes and ears had witnessed during the last three years. They must have recalled the startling character of His discourse on that day—the bewilderment and incredulity of His audience—His relentless, and what, in the case of any other teacher, might have seemed, His almost reckless treatment of their difficulty, reiterating His hard sayings, and appearing to tax His ingenuity in order to make these hard sayings harder still—and this in spite of the consequences, in multitudes of men—who had followed Him from afar, and had remained with him unfed until they were wellnigh fainting, and had hung upon His words—turning their backs upon Him, determined to follow Him no longer, and to listen to Him no more. Vividly, as in a picture, must His Apostles have recalled the sadness of His face, which expressed the sorrow of His heart, and the weary plaintiveness of His tone, as He put to them the question—“Will you also go away?” Their answer was in their minds on that Thursday night as it was on their lips that day at Capharnaum—“Lord!

To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; and we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." It was an answer the same as that which they made to His question, addressed at Cæsarea Philippi—"Whom do you say that I am?" when Peter said—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." There was therefore in their minds no question with regard to the *possibility* of the mystery. They thought not within themselves—How *can* this man give us His flesh to eat? Adoration excluded unbelief. They gazed awestruck on the action of a Divine Person. They listened with that pious docility which leads to the "obedience of faith." Like the words of the dawn of time, "Let there be light," and "there was light"—like the words of the *fiat* of Mary in the fulness of time, when the Word was made flesh, and dwelt unseen within her—words of that Word Incarnate broke the stillness of their expectation. On the instant in which these words were uttered the living Body of the Son of God was truly, really, and substantially present beneath the outward appearance of that bread which He had taken from the table into the hands of that self-same Body. "Behold My Body," are words equivalent to those human words of God, "This is My Body."

The words were divinely *declarative*. As such, they were words of power to beget divine faith in those who heard them and recognized them as words of God. The words were as divinely *effective*. They had all the efficacy of creative power to *effect* in the creature, that which they at the same time declared to have taken place.

The Apostles beheld the first Eucharist in the hands of Jesus. In all that was visible they saw no change. By and bye they touched and tasted It. The organs of sense gave evidence that in everything that was an object of the senses there had been no change. There was no change on the visible Body of Jesus. There was no change on its hands, there was no change on that which those hands visibly contained. But, listening with the hearing of faith to the word of Christ, which is the word of God, they could see, with the vision of faith, behind the veil. There with the eye of faith they beheld Jesus, the "Hidden God."

The words of Jesus—"This is My Body. This is My Blood," when read in the light of the words of His promise at Capharnaum, require no farther argument to prove that they must be understood, and that He meant them to be understood, in their

literal sense. Hence the Apostles, their minds prepared for the mystery, harboured no doubt. They asked no question. Hence also the Evangelists, in recording the mystery, confine themselves to simple narrative, as of a fact which required no farther explanation.

5.

The record of the incredulity, and rejection of the hard saying, and of the desertion of Jesus by the men of Capharnaum, is sufficient answer to all who may say that Jesus, when He spoke of the eating of His flesh, and the drinking of His blood, and when He said, "This is My Body—This is My Blood"—spoke figuratively and metaphorically, as when He said "I am the door," and, "I am the true vine." These latter words are in their *obvious* meaning figurative and metaphorical. As such they were instantly understood. They presented no difficulty. No man objected to them as hard sayings. Moreover, Jesus did not take a door or a vine, and say of either, as He said when He took bread into His hands—"This is My Body." Between the two sets of sayings there is no parallel. The sense of the one is as obviously literal, as the sense of the other is obviously metaphorical and figurative. St. Paul once and again assumes the literal meaning of the words of Jesus. He argues from His real presence in the Holy Eucharist, as from a central doctrine of the Christian revelation, and as from a fact which was undisputed, and about which there could be, in the minds of Christian men, no doubt. Writing to the Corinthians, he says—"The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The Bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the Body of the Lord? Are not they who eat of the sacrifices partakers of the altar? The things which the heathens sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God; and I would not that you should be made partakers with devils. You cannot drink the chalice of the Lord, and the chalice of devils. You cannot be partakers of the table of the Lord, and of the table of devils." The Apostle argues that those who eat the flesh which has been offered to idols, participate in the worship of the demons whom those idols represent, and in sacrifice to them; even as we, when we eat the Holy Eucharist participate in the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of the Lord. As we eat the flesh of Christ, and as the Jews ate the flesh of the legal victims, so did the Gentiles

eat the flesh of an idolatrous sacrifice. His comparison supposes the flesh of Christ to be not less really eaten by the faithful, than was the flesh of the victims eaten by the Jews and by the Gentiles respectively. Again, in the same Epistle, after narrating the institution of the Eucharist, as he had "received it of the Lord," St. Paul, supposing the real presence of Jesus therein, as a known and undisputed truth, sets forth the grievousness of the sin of those who unworthily receive the Body and Blood of the Lord. The grievousness of their sin is derived, *objectively*, from that which is unworthily received, and thereby injuriously treated. *Subjectively*, it is derived from this that the unworthy receiver does not "discern the Lord's Body," that is, that he does not practically esteem it to be that which it is. In the one case, he is "guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord." In the other, he "eateth and drinketh judgment to himself."

Finally, when Jesus uttered the words which in their obvious and literal meaning expressed the doctrine of His real presence in the Holy Eucharist, He spoke not only under a sense of the deepest responsibility, but with full foreknowledge of what the consequences of His words would be. He knew that He had for audience not merely His Apostles, or the men of Capharnaum, but the millions of the one Catholic and Roman Church in all lands, and in every age. He knew that with one mind, which should be as if it were the mind of one man, they should believe in the truth which His words in their literal sense expressed; and that to this belief His words in their obvious sense must give occasion. Hence, just as, if the men of Capharnaum had erred in their understanding of His words, Jesus would have been the author of their error, so would He be also responsible for what would be that superstitious error which pervades the length and breadth of Christendom with the omnipresence of an atmosphere. He would be responsible also for what would, in that case, be the foul idolatry which has sprung therefrom, and with which His Church is not merely honeycombed, but, we may say, alive. Denial of the real presence which Jesus promised in the Sacrament, which on the verge of His death He instituted, is a blasphemy against the Son of God, as He is the Eternal Truth.

6.

Besides the *fact* of the presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist—which is of divine and Catholic faith—the *mode* of

that presence—or the manner in which Jesus is made present—is equally of faith.

Pius the Sixth in his dogmatic Bull *Auctorem fidei*, declares that there are three distinct points which are of faith:—that, after the consecration, Christ is truly, really, and substantially present under the species—that the substance of bread and wine is no longer there, but only the species of bread and wine—and that the presence of Christ, and the ceasing of the presence of that substance of bread and wine, is effected by a *conversion* of the whole of the substance of the bread into the Body, and the whole of the substance of the wine into the Blood of the Lord—or, in one word, by *transubstantiation*.

Those three distinct points are required in order to an adequate statement of revealed doctrine. He who should affirm the first and second points only, without the third point, would be giving an inadequate explanation of the truth. If he should maintain that the first two points are sufficient, and that the third point may be regarded as a question which is open to free disputation, he would be denying that an article belongs to faith, which has been distinctly defined as an article of faith by the Church in her Council of Trent.

The first point affirms a real *presence* of Christ—the second point affirms in addition to this, the *absence* of the substance of bread and wine—the third point affirms both the first and the second—both the presence and the absence—and adds the *mode* whereby both are effected, along with the sanction of an ecclesiastical formula, which expresses that mode. The mode is by a *conversion*; and this conversion is rightly called—*transubstantiation*.

To affirm the first point is not thereby to affirm the second and third points, as contained therein. Both may be denied by one who maintains the first. He who affirms the second point thereby affirms the first, but he may deny the third. Affirmation of the third point includes affirmation of the other two.

In inverse order, heretical denial of the first point includes denial of the two points which follow it. Denial of the second point includes denial of the third, but may consist with maintenance of the first point. Denial of the third point does not include denial of the first and second points, but is compatible with affirmation of both.

It is false to say that in affirmation of the real presence of

Christ, and absence of the substance of bread and wine, there is already contained the *mode*, or manner in which both presence and absence are affected, since conversion of the one substance into the other, is not the only mode by which the absence of the one, and the presence of the other might be brought to pass.

It is necessary that we should dwell on those three distinct points, in order that we may have adequately, fully as well as clearly, before our minds the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, not as conceivably or possibly it might have been, but as He willed it to be, and as it actually is.

7.

To seal up and secure the true doctrine in its fulness, no word expressive of the real presence can be devised which is better adapted than is the word *transubstantiation*; since by no artifice of man can this word be distorted to any other sense. It first came into use in the theological schools of the Church. When its fitness, as a term, had become generally recognized, it not only passed into universal ecclesiastical use, but was sanctioned, confirmed and consecrated by the Church in the fourth Council of Lateran, and subsequently in the Council of Trent. It is enshrined also in the Creed of Pope Pius the Fourth, which is the profession of faith which is made by Catholics on certain solemn occasions, and which is demanded of those whose office it is to teach and bear rule in the Church of God. It is one of those terms, whether words or phrases, which are universally regarded and accepted as *tesserae*, or tests and touchstones of true belief in divine truth. As such, it is in the same category with the word *Consubstantial*, which expresses and secures belief in the coeternity and coequality of the Son of God with His Father, as He is of the same divine substance and nature; and with the title of *Mother of God*, which, as applied to Mary, is a bulwark of the true doctrine of the Incarnation, as expressing the personal divinity of Jesus Christ, who is her Son. The term "transubstantiation" can no more be objected to as a novelty, or the doctrine which it expresses be stigmatized as a new dogma, than can those other doctrines be regarded as having been open questions, before they were crystallized in *tesserae*, the one at Nicæa, and the other by the Fathers of Ephesus. Those *tesserae* are tests and touchstones of true belief in the revealed truths which they

respectively express. A man who should refuse or hesitate to use them, would thereby lay himself open to a well grounded charge, or at least to reasonable suspicion of heresy. To shrink from the use of the word "Consubstantial" would argue Arianism; to refrain from giving to Mary her title of "Mother of God" would suggest Nestorianism. To refuse the *tessera* of "transubstantiation" would stamp a man as infected with Lutheranism, or with the virus of some other form of Protestantism. Refusal or hesitation with regard to a *tessera* of Catholic doctrine is an infallible sign, if not of heresy or misconception, at least of theological ignorance.

Regarded merely from the scientific point of view, and apart from its consecration through ecclesiastical use, and the defining sanction of the Church, the word *transubstantiation* is the most proper and fitting term by which the mode of the Real Presence can be verbally expressed. It is the most proper term, because there is no other kind of conversion to which it can belong. It is the most fitting, or best adapted term, because by its signification and etymology, it sets forth the definition of the thing signified.

8.

Transubstantiation may be defined as the conversion of the whole of the substance of the bread which is consecrated into the Body of Christ, and the conversion of the whole of the substance of the wine which is consecrated into His Blood, there remaining only the *species* of that bread and wine respectively.

This definition contains two propositions—that to the substance of the bread which departs, and under the species of bread which remain, there *succeeds* the substance of the Body of Christ—and that this succession is effected by a true conversion.

Conversion, or transmutation, in its general sense, is *the passing of one thing into another*. It implies two terms, the thing which passes, or the term *from which*—and the thing into which it passes, or the term *to which*.

Conversion may be either accidental, or substantial. There is *accidental* conversion when the accidents alone are changed, but not the substance of the thing; as, for instance, when cold water is changed into hot water, the form and matter of the water remaining the same. There is *substantial* conversion when the substance does not remain the same, but either loses somewhat

of its essentials, or receives somewhat which is essential; as, for instance, when flour is changed into bread, or when bread is changed into the substance of the human body, which is nourished by means of it.

The *substance*—which is that invisible and intangible reality which stands by itself under the accidents, and supports them in their being, and to which they cleave—is greater in its reality than are the *accidents*. These, although visible and tangible, and objects of the bodily senses, cannot stand by themselves unsupported, but, in the natural order, and apart from miracle, or supernatural intervention, require their con-natural substance to which they may cleave. The word *conversion* therefore more properly belongs to a *substantial* transmutation than it does to an accidental transmutation.

Again, the more a substance ceases to be in the one term, and the more perfect the substance is which succeeds to it, and takes its place in the other term, the more complete is the conversion, and the greater is the title which the transmutation has to the name of *conversion*.

Transubstantiation is not only, as is apparent from its definition, a *substantial* conversion; but among all substantial conversions it holds a *singular* place of preeminence. It stands unique among conversions. Not only does the substance of the bread and wine, which is converted, cease to be under the accidents, as regards all its integral parts, and as regards that essential part of it which is called the substantial *form*—as happens in every substantial conversion—but as regards also that other essential part which is called its matter. This is not the case in other substantial conversions.

In order to conversion of one substance into another, there must be real and proper *succession* of the one substance to the other. There must be, not merely an extrinsic order of time, but an intrinsic *nexus*, or bond, or link of connection between the ceasing of the one substance under the accidents, and the succession of the other substance in its place under those accidents. It is in virtue of this succession that the ceasing of the previous substance is demanded; and that ceasing is ordained in order to the succession of the other substance in its place. Apart from such an intrinsic bond of connection, there might indeed be the ceasing of one substance, and at the same time the beginning of another substance in its place, but

this would not be a *passing* of the one substance *into* the other.

It is not necessary to the notion of conversion, or transmutation of one thing into another, that the term in which there is a ceasing to be, should *totally* cease to be all that it was; as for instance, that bread should cease to be as regards its accidents, as well as regards its substance. Neither is it necessary that the term which succeeds should then and there, and thereby, acquire an absolutely new existence. There may be true generation, although the person who is generated does not then simply begin to be, but has been already in existence. It was so in the case of the true generation in the womb of Mary, of the Son of God, Who, as He is a Divine Person, existed from eternity. In like manner there may be a true conversion, even if the term which succeeds to the term which passes away, should not then absolutely begin to be, but should have been already in existence in some other fashion or mode of being.

Mere *adduction*, however—as it may be called, to distinguish it from *production*, properly so called—or the bringing forward of a term which was previously in existence, will not suffice in order to the notion of true *conversion*. The term which was already in existence in another state or mode of being, must be placed, and made present by means of an action, such as would be sufficient in order to its *production*, if it had not previously existed.

Briefly, four things at most are required in order to a true *substantial conversion*, and these four are found in transubstantiation.

1. Some substance must *cease to be*—and in the Eucharist there ceases to be the substance of bread and wine.
2. Some substance must *begin to be*—and in the Eucharist there begins to be the substance of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.
3. Something real and intrinsic which is common successively to both terms, to that which passes, and to that which succeeds, should remain in order to conversion in its most proper sense—and in the Eucharist there remain the accidents or species, which are successively common to both terms; since under these species there was previously the substance of bread and wine, and there is afterwards the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ.

4. There must be an incompatibility of coexistence of the two terms under the one common element. The presence of the one must necessitate the absence of the other. This is the intrinsic link of connection between that which ceases to be, and that which succeeds in its place. Such a link is necessary in order to the notion of a true substantial conversion, or transmutation of one substance into another. In the Eucharist the Body and Blood of Christ form the whole of that which is present under the accidents, by way of substance. They thus exclude the coexistence, under the same accidents, of the substance of bread and wine.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

Pilgrimage of Sainte-Anne d'Auray.

CHAPTER I.

AMONGST the readers whom we hope to interest in this slight sketch of Sainte-Anne d'Auray, there may be some who have often heard of that celebrated sanctuary and place of pilgrimage; there may be amongst them some who have visited it; in that case even we hope they will not be unwilling to renew acquaintance with a place which, we are sure, has excited in them feelings both of edification and pleasure.

To begin with, we will describe the situation of Sainte-Anne d'Auray, and the means by which it may be arrived at from England.

It is situated at about four miles from the small and very ancient town of Auray. This little town has given its name to the Sanctuary of Sainte-Anne from circumstances which, in old times, connected it with Auray, and they are now inseparably associated. Auray lies in that portion of the Province of Bretagne or Brittany, called "La Basse Bretagne" (Lower Brittany), and in the modern division named the "Département du Morbihan."

To arrive at Ste. Anne from England one can either go to Paris, and thence take the train by Rennes or Chateaubriand to Ste. Anne, or go by the steamer from Southampton to St. Malo; take the train there which passes through the ancient capital of Bretagne, Rennes; change at Rennes for Redon; from Redon go on straight to the station of Ste. Anne, the one before arriving at that of Auray. The journey from Paris to Ste. Anne, or from St. Malo to Ste. Anne, takes about the same time, namely, from ten to twelve hours; that depends, of course, on whether one travels by the express trains or otherwise.

Arrived at the Ste. Anne station, the traveller will see, high above the station-house, the statue of the Saint, but even before

reaching that station, he may perceive, in the distance, on the right-hand, another and more imposing statue which towers above the adjoining country, and, when the sun is bright, glistens in the distance, as if resplendent with glory. This is the one which crowns the Church of Ste. Anne. It is that statue which the Breton pilgrim seeks with eager eye when on his toilsome way from his island home in the stormy sea, or his cottage on the wild and lonely moor. It is to that he turns and gives his last as well as his first salutation. At the point, where, once past, he knows he shall no longer see the spire of his beloved church, the statue of his cherished mother, he kneels, and with bared head and reverent mien, offers his last prayer and makes his last supplication to her so dear to the Breton heart.

There are not many places in France, and even we venture to say, far beyond it, to which the fame of Ste. Anne d'Auray has not reached. But it is especially from the most remote nooks and corners of Brittany that the hardy sons and daughters of the soil come in crowds to pay their devotions at this favoured shrine.

The country which lies between the station and the village of Sainte-Anne d'Auray is not pretty. It is flat and uninteresting, although if, when on the way, one turns the eye towards the country on the left, the view of Auray in the distance is charming. The road passes over a barren moor, in this country called a "lande," and the approach to the village is anything but beautiful. A line of rather dirty-looking houses, principally a sort of refreshment places for the poorer class of pilgrims, leads to it. No mountains, like those of Lourdes, look down upon this sanctuary; no shining river flows near to give an added charm to the scene; few trees adorn and shelter it; it is the Basilica, the splendid church alone, which attracts and satisfies the beholder, and above all the pilgrim. The oftener one sees it, the longer the acquaintance one has with it, the more one loves it. Each visit reveals new beauties; the eye which can see finds in its smallest details fresh subjects for admiration, and when the organ, touched by the practised hand of a born musician, peals forth its harmonious strains, and the united voices of hundreds—nay even of thousands at times—sing out the response to the Litany of Ste. Anne, *Sancta Anna, ora pro nobis*, that heart must be cold indeed which is not touched and warmed into devotion. And those

honest peasants, men and women, leading their little ones by the hand to kneel before the altar of Ste. Anne, are they not a goodly sight in this age of cold-hearted scepticism and mocking incredulity?

The Church of Ste. Anne is at present rather hidden from view behind the small houses and shops which are grouped before and at one side of it. But one of the principal hotels is now being demolished; and later on, some of these shops and houses will also be cleared away; then the road from the church to the large field of the Scala Sancta, round which the processions are made, will be quite open, and the effect will be much more imposing.

There is a seminary called "Le Petit Séminaire" attached to the church. Here from 300 to 400 young men and boys are educated, some in preparation for the Church, others, who have not the priestly vocation, leave it for the world, while those intended for the priesthood, pass on at the proper time to the "Grand Séminaire" of Vannes. The pension is very moderate; board, lodging and education included, it amounts, only, we believe, to about £16 a year. The boys look healthy and happy, and as to the care taken of them in every way, there can be no reason to doubt.

Behind, and at one side of the seminary, is a large piece of ground belonging to it, called the "Enclos," on account of its being enclosed, we presume. A flower garden and orchard are close to the building; then a long sweep of meadow-land, with two splendid avenues of fine old trees, a large pond, in which there is a small island dedicated to the swans which make their nests upon it, the Chapel of our Lady, then more gardens, more fruit-trees, pasture for cows, poultry-yards, and farm-buildings make up the "Enclos." A small cemetery, where many of those who die in the seminary repose, is also comprised in this "Enclos."

There are two good hotels at Sainte-Anne, as well as some smaller inns or "auberges," where, in case of the hotels being full, a traveller would not be too badly lodged. The two hotels send their omnibuses to the railway station to meet each train stopping at Sainte-Anne. To have the real benefit of the fêtes, it is much better to stay altogether at Sainte-Anne itself than to take one's bed at Auray, and to go to and from Ste. Anne in the day-time, as some persons do who fancy they cannot be so well accommodated there as at Auray. If they stay at Auray

for the night, they will miss much which is most interesting, many of those little episodes which take place in the large pilgrimages.

Before finishing our description of Sainte-Anne we must not forget to speak of the Scala Sancta, or Holy Staircase. It is situated in a large field called the "Champ de l'Épine" (Field of the Thorn), and is nearly opposite to the front of the church, and at only a short distance from it. It is a remembrance of the Passion of our Lord, of the staircase several times ascended by Him at Jerusalem during the course of His Passion. Great Indulgences are attached to this devotion, and it is much practised by the pious pilgrims of Sainte-Anne.

The Scala Sancta consists of two long flights of steps, of twenty-eight steps in each flight, connected at the top by a large platform, at the back of which is an altar. Both steps and platform are roofed over, so that in case of bad weather the devotions may not be interrupted. It is at this altar that Mass is said at the time of the great pilgrimages, when the church, although capable of holding three thousand persons closely packed, is not large enough to contain the multitudes which flock to Sainte-Anne on these occasions.

The pilgrims making this devotion go up the flight of steps on the north side of the staircase on their knees, meditating on the different stages of the Passion of our Divine Lord, and saying a short prayer on each step, until they arrive at the top, where, at the foot of the altar on the platform, they make their concluding prayer. Then they walk down the flight on the south side and their devotion is finished. It is edifying to see the large number of people making this devotion, for it is not without a considerable amount of difficulty that it is accomplished.

Besides the Scala Sancta, there is what is called the *Cloître*, a place much frequented by the pilgrims. The Seminary is connected with the church by an ancient cloister forming the four sides of an uncovered square. Some of the doors of the Seminary open on this cloister, and on its walls are the Stations of the Cross. In the centre of the square there used to be a large and imposing Calvary, where the pilgrims knelt to begin the Stations, but this Calvary has now given place to an enormous plain wooden cross brought last year by pilgrims to the Holy Land. It has been offered to Sainte-Anne, and its "Transplantation," as it is called, was the occasion of a very imposing ceremony which took place on the 14th of September

in last year. For our part, we prefer the grand old cross of former days with its figure of our crucified Lord, to this one.

And now, before speaking of the origin of the pilgrimage of Sainte-Anne d'Auray, we venture to give our readers a very simple and familiar account of a little pilgrimage made by us in the year 1884, to Sainte-Anne. We take it from our private journal written when our first impressions of it were still in our mind. We beg the reader's indulgence for the style, which we are well aware is not elegant.

Friday, July 25. Eve of feast of Sainte-Anne.—Arrived at Ste. Anne about 3 p.m. Great crowds of people as usual for the *veille* (eve). Weather beautiful. Vespers sung at three o'clock. Procession afterwards to the field of the Scala Sancta where the Bishop of Vannes addressed the pilgrims from the platform. Then Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. Then the procession returned in order to the church. Met with friends outside church. They left for Auray after the procession, my friend and I remaining for the night at Ste. Anne. Much afraid we should not get beds at all, as the hotels were full, and those we believed we had engaged in a house belonging to the Seminary, when we went to see about them, we found had been given to two priests. However the *bonne* of the house kindly gave up her own room to us; that was a great relief to our minds. Got something to eat directly we were left to ourselves: had only our two hard-boiled eggs each, with some bread and butter and a little beer, but we enjoyed them very much. Then went to see our bedroom. It was in another house; had two beds in it, and was clean, although anything but luxuriously furnished. After resting awhile, and after putting things in order to suit us, went to the church. It was crowded; the *cloître* also. The sight was most edifying, and in the highest degree picturesque as well. People were kneeling at the foot of the Calvary in the open space in the cloister; others on their knees making the *Chemin de la Croix* before the Stations, all with an air of the greatest devotion. What a sight! Returned to our quiet bedroom, and with great difficulty and much contriving, considering our resources, made some tea which did us a world of good. Very soon afterwards, at about eight o'clock, the church bell began to ring to call the people to assemble in the Champ de l'Épine. In the meantime many little coloured lamps had been placed in the windows of the houses and shops looking on to the

way by which the procession was to pass. The Scala Sancta also had been lighted up with coloured lamps most artistically arranged, so that when we reached the field a most beautiful sight met our delighted gaze. After furnishing ourselves with a *cierge* (wax candle) and an *abat-jour* (shade) with the church and the statue of the saint represented on it, we followed the crowd. No one was allowed to enter the field who had not a *cierge*. The two Bishops, that of Vannes and that of the "Cap Hattien," were by this time on the platform of the Scala Sancta along with many priests. Then one of the chaplains of Ste. Anne gave us directions how to range ourselves, and what to do in other respects. To call attention to his words he rang a small bell before speaking. We were grouped in three divisions: the "Français" to the left, surrounding the banner of Notre Dame de Lourdes; the "Bretons de Vannes" in the middle, round their banner of Vannes; the third division, that of the "paysans de Finisterre," surrounded the banner of their saint, St. Corentin. We, belonging to no one, took our places humbly among the "Français." Then some hymns were sung in Breton, and after this the Rosary was said by the chaplain from the platform, the pilgrims answering to the prayers. Each mystery was prefaced by the intentions for which it was said. These were various, touching and appropriate to the time: for *La France*, her needs, her wants: that the faith might be guarded in the hearts of French and Bretons; for those in suffering, for those in pain, for the absent, particularly for the soldiers and sailors in Tonquin, fighting to sustain the honour of the French flag; for the unfortunate ones struck down by the awful plague of the cholera at Toulon and in other places. In fine, for all who stood in need of prayer: none were omitted, none forgotten.

After the Rosary, the torch-light procession was formed. The people, carrying their candles lighted, and protected by the shade, walked two abreast, singing hymns, some according to the divisions in which they were, sang in the French, others in the Breton language. The procession was a very long one; it went round the field, through the cloister, and by the court of the church again into the Champ de l'Epine. There more hymns were sung, and a few words before parting were spoken by the chaplain. He said he wished he had the eloquence of a great orator so as to be able to give expression to the emotions within him at the sight he had then before his eyes; he thanked the people from his heart for what they had done; he told us

that Sainte-Anne was pleased with us, and said many other good words most gratifying to the pilgrims.

Heard a woman who was behind me, sobbing violently; her heart no doubt was touched by many emotions; by the prayers for the sick, the suffering, by the gratitude expressed for the favours of the *Bonne Mère*, Sainte-Anne, and by other things unknown to us. Before leaving, the chaplain told us that the church would be kept open all night; that confessions would be heard; that Mass would be said at four o'clock the next morning in the field of the Scala Sancta; that the bell of the church would call the pilgrims for that hour. The procession, or rather the assemblage, then broke up and the people dispersed, most of them going to the church, others remaining outside to get something to eat at the different booths, where fires were burning to heat coffee, soup, and the rest. My friend and I returned to the church, hoping to find a quiet corner in which to say our night prayers and recollect ourselves in preparation for Holy Communion on the morrow. But all in vain—no quiet corner was to be found; no place where one could collect one's thoughts. The seats in the church were all filled; in all the corners and before the altars, groups were seated on the floor, others were thronged about the confessionals, where priests were hearing confessions; others were resting their heads against the walls and pillars; anywhere and everywhere, not much matter where, if the weary head and tired limbs could find a little ease as to comfort, that was out of the question. It was a wonderful sight; all that immense multitude content to undergo fatigue and discomfort for their *Bonne Mère*! Truly I think Sainte-Anne *must* have been pleased, as the good chaplain said, with her Bretons. So, despairing to find even room to kneel where we should not be continually disturbed, my friend and I, after a short prayer, returned to our bedroom, very tired, but very happy. We went to bed, but could not sleep; and when the great bell of the church began to ring before four o'clock to call the pilgrims to the Mass, and when I heard them hurrying to the field, I could stay in bed no longer. I rose, dressed in haste, and went to the field. A very great number of people were there on their knees on the damp grass; the Mass had begun, the day had hardly broken, a grey light hung over all, and the air was moist and chill, but not so the faith in the hearts of that kneeling multitude. Felt very cold, but could not bear to leave the spot, it was so edifying, so deeply interesting. Some of the people looked very

hard at me when I arrived in the field ; they could see, I suppose, that I was not one of theirs, and the Bretons do not like strangers, but as I knelt too, I trusted they would see that, even if not one with them in country, at least I was one with them in the faith.

When the Mass was over, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and then the Holy Communion began. The people went up the same flight of steps as they do in making the devotion of the Scala Sancta ; knelt on the platform at the top, where the priest gave them Holy Communion, then they descended by the opposite steps so that there was no confusion, no unseemly jostling or pushing. The Communion lasted so long that I could not remain until it was finished. I, too, would have loved to join that band of devout pilgrims, but my friend and I were to receive our Divine Lord together, so I returned to our room and we went into the church in company. That, too, was crowded ; many Masses were being said, indeed they had been going on, almost without interruption, since midnight.

After making our thanksgiving, we went to one of the hotels and got some coffee and bread and butter. They were not good, for we were too early, I suppose, and the servants were probably very tired, and so did not trouble themselves much about what they gave us.

Again to the church, where we saw our friends who had just arrived from Auray. After their devotions were finished, we went with them to the other hotel, and there they got much better coffee than we had found at ours. Met with two very nice English gentlemen at the breakfast, and had a pleasant little talk with them. They regretted much they had not stayed the night at Sainte-Anne, instead of at Auray as they had done, and said they would not do so another time. It was a very agreeable little breakfast, for every one seemed gay and joyous ; the weather was lovely, and our hearts were light.

There was High Mass at nine o'clock, at which we assisted, and then we bade adieu to the *Bonne Mère* and to her shrine of Sainte-Anne d'Auray.

In the Sunderbund Forest.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO.

THE forests of Lower India, known as the Sunderbunds, consist of several thousands of square miles: the jungle is equally distinguished for its density and its dangers. The trees are of prodigious height and grow closely together, with a mass of foliage that is magnified by myriads of parasites, which weaving themselves with the branches make one inseparable block of vegetation. Even at its base the darkness is made complete by thorny shrubs, the thorns measuring from one to four inches in length and of varied thickness.

This untraversable region is, however, not devoid of beauty or interest. Birds of brilliant plumage emerge in flocks from the darkness to revel in the sunlight: often a troupe of monkeys is seen constructing a swinging bridge, and sometimes a flight of butterflies move like a wave of colour across the network of rivers, chiefly salt, by which this tract is watered. But the monarchs of this hidden domain, to say nothing of the venomous insects and reptiles, are the tiger, buffalo, rhinoceros, and wild boar, and in the midst of these is to be found the swift-footed spotted deer.

It was in this forest that a course of detailed survey was necessary, and I was appointed to conduct the undertaking.

Under instructions from the Revenue Board, I started from the Hooghly River, taking with me a friend who was an experienced sportsman. The boat was well stocked with provisions calculated to last for two months, and was provided with weapons of defence. It carried eleven souls in all, seven of whom composed the crew, and two domestics. Our little party on leaving the Hooghly, travelled for seven days and nights, at the end of which time, we arrived at the outskirts of the impenetrable forests, meeting no difficulties beyond the wind and tide to retard our progress. When, however, we were

making our way from one of the larger rivers known as the Pussur, through a shallow creek navigable only in the flood, a different system of progression became indispensable. The constant obstructions we met, notwithstanding tidal advantages, forced us to adopt the slow method of towing. Half-masted, we proceeded in this tedious fashion, but where the creek narrowed, the jungle on either side met in a low arch, necessitating its removal; and thus our little bark was propelled through various difficulties and dangers till we found ourselves fairly stranded by the setting in of the ebb. We had no knowledge whatever of the stream we had begun to trace. To whichever side we turned we found ourselves wedged in by this dense dark jungle, so dense in places, that it almost screened the noonday sun from our view.

Meanwhile one of our boatmen, on inspecting the provision supply, discovered that through a leakage in the earthen reservoir, the water for drinking purposes had escaped; and seeing the necessity of its renewal, he got off the little ark of safety on to the muddy shore, hoping to discover a hidden spring, turned a bend in the creek, and to his surprise and satisfaction found almost immediately what he was seeking for.

A patch of low reed jungle, about three hundred square yards, clearly indicated that the heavy forest had been cut and for some reason or other abandoned. In the centre of this patch of reed jungle was a vacant space which he argued to be the site of a sweet water tank, and being convinced that this requisite is the foremost thought of farmers in such regions, he separated the tall reeds with both his hands and made his way unarmed towards the spring. The creaking sound of the dry stems had evidently startled a spotted deer. Bounding into sight, it stood at bay among the snowy crests of waving grass. The boatman on seeing it hastened back, thinking to provide us with some exciting sport.

When this announcement reached us, we were in the middle of a mid-day meal, discussing the dangers and inconveniences by which we were beset, but the boatman's account seized us with a sudden frenzy we could not control. We immediately rose from the table, leaving the meal unfinished, put on our shooting boots, and armed ourselves with a dagger each, then loaded our double-barrel rifles, and to guard against an emergency added a third gun, which we made over to the boatman who acted as guide. With our guns half-cocked we

made our way, dividing the jungle before us as we advanced. It was not without a sense of awe that I felt the first consciousness of immediate danger : and as I looked round on the solemn majesty of the wilderness where our footsteps alone broke the perfect silence, I was much inclined to abandon the adventure ; but the strong persuasions of my friend and his fearless manner dispersed my misgivings.

At length we reached the excavated bank : it was separated by a narrow belt of grass from the reed-jungle, and this in turn had the heavy forest like a great black wall inclosing it all round, except towards the river's edge. We took up our position on the grass belt near an old tree that had stood for centuries. The circumference of its trunk measured about a gunter-chain, or twenty-two yards, and held several large cavities. Presently the jungle creaked ; this set us on the alert ; raising our guns we listened with anxious expectation, and looked towards the spot from where the sound proceeded. To our unutterable dismay, instead of a panting stag, we saw a formidable beast, a buffalo with great spreading horns, closely followed by its young. They appeared on the opposite side of the tank and evidently meant to proceed down the incline, to the water, but seeing us, stopped on their way and seemed to be taking note of our proceedings.

My experience as a sportsman had hitherto been confined to small game, and this formidable and dangerous enemy, with the dread scenery around, instantly filled me with agitation, and caused my heart to beat almost loud enough to be heard. I suggested to my companion the necessity of firing at once, and without waiting for his answer, nervously discharged my barrels one after the other, which simultaneously produced a sudden commotion behind, as though the report of my gun had disturbed the quiet of some beast. Startled beyond utterance at another and nearer danger, I turned round in eagerness for the extra gun, but was horrified to find the boatman had disappeared with it, while a batch of jackals sprang out from the cavities of the tree and rushed helter skelter among the reeds for safety. Again I turned, excited and nervous, to the buffalo. Both my shots seemed to have missed. Roused into brute-like fury, and all the more exasperated in its fear for the safety of its young, the parent buffalo started towards us, tearing madly round the tank with a ring and chatter of hoof that echoed through the forest. The dagger was the only weapon I had for defending myself, and ill adapted for use against so formidable a beast : but the

first thought of self-preservation suggested concealment, and I immediately placed myself behind the massive trunk whence the jackals had escaped. By this means I walled myself out of sight of the furious brute.

My friend, however, displayed an astonishing power of nerve. He had been standing perfectly composed, with his eyes fixed on his approaching antagonist, and it was not till the buffalo had turned the angle of the tank and came tearing down the bank we occupied, that he calmly fired his first shot. I looked from my hiding-place in that instant and saw the animal dash violently aside, accompanying the wild movement with a burst of snorting rage. The bullet had evidently told, but not fatally, for it rushed on all the more frantically, foaming and roaring towards its assailant. In another moment it was within a few yards of us. I called excitedly to my friend to take refuge on a tree to which I fled, but it was in vain. As swift as thought, I threw my gun aside and scrambled up to the topmost branches, heedless of thorns and stinging insects: from here I saw my friend fire a second time and then fling down his gun. The buffalo was now within a stone's throw of us in the attitude of charging, and its loud and angry gruntings echoed like distant thunder through the jungle. Intensely alarmed I witnessed the terrific scene between them. My friend now began to dodge the infuriated buffalo round and round the trunk of the tree, thus evading its attacks, and at times being all but trampled under its ponderous hoofs. Then recovering himself he renewed his violent efforts to avert the destruction that faced him. In this manner he continued the maddening struggle for life, while the buffalo grew more incensed with each collision of its horns against the trunk as it heavily followed its victim round. Its tread became heavier and heavier, and its bursts of fury sounded terrible in my ears. I grew doubly agitated, owing to my utter powerlessness to help my friend in this unequal encounter, when a sudden thought struck me, that shouting aloud might divert the vengeful instincts of the frenzied beast. This I did with no effect. Presently I noticed that the buffalo was gaining distance and that my friend began to stumble over the thorny undergrowth, which threw him within reach of the buffalo's destructive horns, and at every moment I expected to see him overtaken and dashed down: but he miraculously continued to escape on each occasion and still held out the desperate struggle for life. He at length became visibly exhausted and

stumbled again and again, till eventually he fell seizing his dagger in an attempt at defence; but it was hopeless: the powerful horns of the exasperated beast had penetrated his side, leaving a large open wound, after which it rushed wildly back to its young.

I shuddered as I witnessed the painful catastrophe, and quite overcome lost my hold on the branch and dropped to the ground, where I lay half-concealed among the sharp thorns and prickly shrubs, rendered even more helpless from a fracture of my leg. I remained in this situation till I heard from the river's edge the echo of human voices, and footsteps striking a path through the reeds. At length the fugitive boatman appeared with four of the crew, all of whom I at once dismissed, directing that my friend should be first attended to. But how shall I express my amazement when I learnt that he had dragged himself, bleeding and in excruciating pain to the boat, and on sighting it dropped insensible.

When I reached my cabin, whither I was carried by the crew, my own sufferings were entirely forgotten on seeing my friend's serious condition. We hastened back to the nearest station for medical aid, where alas! he died after a fortnight of agonizing pain. His thoughts, when conscious, still dwelt on the appalling encounter, and he expressed his conviction that in his second shot the buffalo had received a fatal wound.

Being obliged to leave my friend at the station, I returned to Calcutta, and communicated the whole of the incident to the Revenue Board, when a larger and stronger force was despatched to the spot. The buffalo was found dead on the opposite side of the tank. The head is now the largest to be seen in the Indian Museum.

The head was brought to Calcutta and placed in the museum there, and if any one who reads these lines should wish to test the truth of my story let him search for a huge pair of horns, the largest in all the museum, and he will find there the memorial of my poor friend and his fatal adventure in the Sunderbund Forest.

Lost !

A LONDON MYSTERY.

"GOOD morning, Eliza."

"Good morning, sir."

"Any new cases to-day?"

"None, sir."

And she followed me silently as I began my morning round, in the C—— Ward of Prince's Hospital, one May morning some thirty years ago. I was at that time one of the daily visiting doctors at Prince's, and she was day nurse in the C——, or women's medical ward. It was not one of the largest of the London hospitals, and at the time of which I write, the kindly ministrations of trained service, whether "sisters" from some special nursing order, or women with special education and aptitude for the work, whose services have of late years been so valued a boon to our sick poor, were not yet on the ordinary hospital working staff. It was still the reign of paid nurses, belonging, more or less, to the "Gamp" type. Rough coarse women for the most part, whose petty tyrannies over, or heartless neglect of, the sufferers under their charge, coupled with the usual irrepressible leaning towards "a little drop of comfort" in secret, formed the terror of the patients under their hands.

I do not wish to be hard on the women; it is no bed of roses, that life of hospital nurse. To live, day after day, in an atmosphere of groans, sickness, pain, discomfort; to labour, hour after hour, in attempting to minister to bodies racked with pain, or, worse still, to the fretfulness, the querulousness, of convalescence,—well, with no higher motive than the necessity for gain, is it any wonder that hearts sufficiently tender at first should grow callous in the end, or nerves overwrought seek refuge in stimulant? And yet they are marvellously patient, our sick poor; with the pathetic, weary resignation of those whose lives have known little brightness, and to whom pain comes as a natural heritage, too common-place a burden to be

borne with aught save some involuntary shrinking, as it presses more heavily than of old upon the scarred shoulders. It is, to them, such a necessary evil! Some street accident, some sudden chill, some infected blast, had come across the even tenour of their toiling lives, and without warning they were laid low in a hospital ward, with crushed limbs and the horrors of amputation, or racking pains of rheumatic fever, or the loathsomeness of small-pox; and they lay there, to receive the grudging ministrations of hired service, and to think and fret, all day long, over the children, the husband, the home left desolate. How often have I lingered by a bedside, and attempted to soothe what seemed to be a sob of pain, to be answered with—"It isn't the pain, sir; oh, no, I could bear that! It's the thought of the children, and what they are doin' without me. . . . And me husband, he'll take to drink, I know he will!" Yes, I knew too well how many a poor home has dated its ruin from "father taking to drink when mother was in hospital." What is to be done? We know not. There seems, in very truth, no remedy.

But I am digressing unnecessarily from my story. Nurse Warren—Eliza—followed me round the ward. She was a small, spare woman, of about forty years, with a somewhat pinched-looking face, compressed lips, and mild, sad blue eyes. A worn face, prematurely aged, but which in earlier youth must have been exceedingly pretty; and she had a certain air of gentleness and refinement which made me often turn to her for help, in preference to the younger, more active, but also rougher women who shared her daily work. She answered my questions in her usual quiet, somewhat mechanical fashion, straightened each pillow with her thin hands as she stood beside me, and even stooped to kiss one pale-faced child who was moaning to herself and turning restlessly on her pillow.

"Have you children of your own?" I asked her, as we turned away, struck by the action.

"No, sir." Her face grew hard again as she spoke.

"You never had any?"

"No, sir."

I never could get anything from her beyond these courteously cold monosyllables. And I naturally had seldom time to invite conversation. But on this day I felt strongly tempted to learn something more of the sad-eyed woman who, I felt sure, had what we commonly call "a history." As if each soul had not a life-history of its own!

"Are you fond of nursing, Eliza?" I asked, as I was putting on my gloves at the door.

"Not particularly, sir."

"I wonder why you—nurses—take to nursing when you don't like it," I queried, lightly generalizing my remark lest it should seem impertinent.

"For a living, I suppose, sir."

"I should have thought service preferable—domestic service."

"It would be, sir. But—but a character is necessary. Some of us . . . cannot give . . . a reference." She spoke slowly, as if the words came out with an effort. "In this work we are taken on our own merits—there is nothing to steal," she added, with a slightly contemptuous look round the bare whitewashed walls, "and if . . . we offend otherwise . . . we are liable to be dismissed at a moment's notice."

"I see. Well, Eliza, I am very glad to have your services here, and I trust that it may be long before you are tempted to leave us for more congenial employment." Then, with a farewell glance backwards, and a resumption of professional dignity, "You will see that the leeches are put on No. 11 at once, and the mixture changed for No. 14. That poor soul there, Mrs. Swinney, will not live out the day, so you can give notice that another bed will be empty soon. Good morning."

I was glad, afterwards, of the impulse which had prompted this little talk. Not much in itself, it seemed, but without it I would hardly have ventured further, when we met again under somewhat altered circumstances. For the next morning, when I entered the ward as usual, and looked round for Warren to accompany my visits, I saw her sitting on a low chair in one corner of the ward, her head resting on her hands, and a Bible on her knees, evidently taking no notice of what was passing around her. I went across to where she sat, but she did not look up.

"Eliza!" I exclaimed; and as she lifted her head, I saw that she had been weeping bitterly. "Eliza," I repeated, turning my back on the curious eyes which looked towards us from every bed, and speaking in a low tone of voice, "What is the matter?" She did not answer, but hung her head, while her fingers played nervously with the leaves of the book.

"Tell me," I urged, "tell me. I want to be your friend, and I see that something is the matter. Are you ill, or in trouble?"

"I have been dismissed," she muttered, still avoiding my glance.

"Dismissed ! Why ? When do you leave ?"

"To-day. This morning. Before twelve o'clock I am to be out of this."

"To-day ? This is very sudden. And for what offence ?"

"I—I was overtaken in liquor . . and they found me," she muttered, very low.

"Tell me how it happened, Eliza," I said, seating myself on the side of the nearest bed, which, as it happened, was empty. She looked up at me with some surprise, as though wondering that I should care to hear more. Then, meeting the look of interest in my face, her own softened, and she told me. It was briefly this. That the woman of whom I had spoken on leaving the previous evening, as in a dying state, had died as I expected, and the nurses had proceeded to lay her out—Eliza and another. That, not to shock my readers with unnecessary details, this at all times unpleasant duty having been in this instance especially revolting, the two women had, as was customary, taken some brandy during the performance of their duties, and the spirit, acting on an over-fatigued frame, had, as she worded it, "overcome" her, so that she was shortly afterwards found by one of the superintending officials in a state of intoxication.

"This does seem hard," I said, rising as she concluded, and taking up my hat. "I never interfere in official matters, but I must say this case requires explanation. The secretary is a friend of mine ; I will go to him and tell him your story, and get you reinstated. But stay," I added, turning back as I reached the door, she following me, "I presume that this is the *first* time they have found you so transgressing ?"

No answer.

"Eliza, is it the first time ?"

"No, sir."

"Is it the second ? Come, I must know all."

"No, sir," she whispered, almost inaudibly.

"The *third*, then ?"

She shook her head.

"I am afraid this alters the case. I really do not see how I can speak for you. Here, come this way," and I led her into the shut off corner used for preparing and dispensing medicines. "I suppose there is no question about it, you must leave ; so tell me now where you are going, and what are you going to do ?"

For I had previously learned from her that she was friendless and alone in the world.

"I am going to make away with myself," she answered me; not flightily or with random violence of utterance, making the words a mere idle threat, but calmly, deliberately, I might almost say *indifferently*, as if she were discussing some detail of everyday life. I recognized the calm hopelessness of her determination, recognized without doubt that it was *one which would be carried out*, and for a moment, hardened old practitioner as I was, my heart sank as I felt my own powerlessness in the matter. But I determined to make an effort to save her.

"Look here, Eliza," I said, after a moment's thought. "I know what you are suffering. Take a word of advice from me, and don't give way to despair. You are going to receive some wages, I suppose? Take a decent lodging near, and look out for something to do."

"Something to do?" she echoed bitterly. "Who'll give *me* anything to do? I've no character, I'm getting old; there's not many places where they'll take such as me. I'd better give up now, and not starve in the streets. What's the good of waiting?"

I felt as though I could say nothing. It was all so true. I could only gain time, and think over it all.

"Well, Eliza, I must go on to my duties now. Will you not do what I ask you? Take a lodging for one night only, and promise me not to 'make away with yourself,' until you have seen me again. Then come to me to-morrow morning at my own house, No. 4, Hart Street, and I will see what can be done."

She promised, in an apathetic manner, as though one day more or less of life could not possibly matter to her; and I, when my morning's work was done, went home to ponder the matter, and consult my wife.

"Can she cook?" asked this practical personage, when I had finished my story, winding up with an appeal for help in my singular difficulty.

"I really don't know, my dear."

"Because I was thinking that if she could—though I suppose it is not likely—she might, just for a few days, replace Jane." Now Jane was a cook who had just been summarily dismissed for some domestic crime of the utmost magnitude, and we were at present, as I knew to my cost, consigned to the tender mercies of a charwoman.

"Well, my dear, by all means try her, if you will do so; she cannot possibly be worse than Mrs. Evans in the cooking line, and she will have at least the one advantage over Jane, that she will be anxious to please."

"But as to character?" objected my wife, not altogether unnecessarily as some of my fair readers may think.

"Ah! there I cannot help you. She says herself that she can give none."

"Well—I don't know. I ought to know her story. As far as sobriety goes, I am sure that half the cooks in London are given to drink. As Mrs. Lovell said to me the other day, when she gave a dinner-party and found that the cook was 'too far gone' to send up the dinner, and I wondered that she kept such a person, 'I never inquire what state my cook is in after dinner, but I do insist upon her being always able to send me up a good one!'"

"I do not envy your friend her morality, my dear," I remarked, drily; "and I have no intention of promoting such conduct under my roof—even for the sake of a good dinner! But I do believe that our taking this poor woman is her only chance of getting a character, and that she is sincere in her wish to keep straight, so I should be glad if you would give her a trial."

So, when Eliza appeared in my study at consulting hour next morning, I simply asked her whether she would be willing to forget the past and begin life afresh, if an opening were afforded her; then, handing the bewildered woman over to my wife, for further explanation and arrangements, heard nothing further until that evening, when my heart and palate alike were gratified by an unwontedly dainty repast, and I learned that our new cook had surpassed all our expectations, and bid fair to become quite an acquisition.

PART II.

For some months after the events recorded above, I heard but little of our new cook Eliza. She was quiet, active, and a good cook, and appeared as sober and trustworthy as heart could wish. My wife was pleased with her, and reported her to be conscientious in the extreme; going regularly to the little chapel close by, where she "sat under" some celebrity of bygone dissenting days; and enchanting the inhabitants of the nursery

by an occasional impromptu concert of hymns and anthems on wet Sundays, when every diversion was hailed with enthusiasm.

"Did you ever hear Eliza sing?" asked my wife of me one day, as the sound of distant melody came faintly towards us where we sat over the fire, discussing the events of the day.

"No; does she sing?"

"She does: she has a voice, and what is more, a trained and cultivated voice which must have been a very fine one in early life. It is still singularly pleasant to hear. You shall judge for yourself." And with that she sent for Eliza and asked her to sing me something; and the poor pale face flushed with mingled shyness and pleasure as she did so. I shall never forget her as she stood before me that night, folding her hands and half involuntarily straightening her figure while the notes rang out clear and pure in hymn after hymn of the old "Revivalist" melodies and finally swelled forth in an anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of peace."

"Where did you learn to sing, Eliza?" I exclaimed as she concluded.

"I was fond of it as a child, sir," she answered, and dropped a hurried curtsy and went away.

It was only a few nights afterwards that, ringing the bell to summon the servants for evening prayers, as we were wont to do, John, the man-servant, Letty and Louisa, the maids, and Mary Anne, the nurse, all duly filed in as usual and ranged themselves on chairs placed decorously in a row near the door, leaving one place vacant, which Eliza did not appear to fill.

"Where is cook?" asked the mistress.

"Please, 'm, she is'nt very well and can't come," spoke out John in some confusion, giving ominous looks at me as he did so. So no more was said until the little procession had filed out again, when John being recalled,

"With is the matter with cook, John?" we demanded. "Is she ill, or what?"

"Please, 'm, she's a . . . a little bit . . . screwed!" was the unexpected reply; "we've helped her up to bed, me and Louisa, and she's asleep now."

We questioned further, but could only learn that she had seemed a bit queer all day, took no dinner, and had finally been found in a helpless state in the scullery. For the first moment I doubted whether she might not be really ill, but a visit to her

room (she was sleeping profoundly) left alas! no room for doubt.

"She is going to have a bout of it now," nodded my wife, with the sagacity born of long experience, "and I cannot promise to keep her if this goes on."

"Leave her to me," I answered. "I must look into the matter; but I own I am disappointed in the woman."

Eliza was summoned next morning to my study, and came, with red eyes and trembling lips, to hear, as she thought, her sentence of dismissal.

"You know what happened last night, Eliza?"

"I know, sir. I am sorry for it."

I looked at her as she stood there, a meek, troubled, drooping figure, and noted the sunken look of her eyes, their lids swollen with tears. Then—a sudden inspiration came to me. "Eliza," I said, looking her full in the face as she stood before me, "Eliza, you have lived under my roof for many months without giving way to your former failing—until last night. What was yesterday to you? *Was it any anniversary?*"

She looked up for one moment with a scared look, as though she scarcely could believe her ears; then, bursting into a passion of tears, she sobbed out, "*Oh sir—he died . . . he died!*"

Well, I let her weep till the storm of grief was over; then, bit by bit, I drew from her her story.

Her story! I will tell it in few words; for the tender life-true touches which she gave it, would seem singularly bald and commonplace from my feeble pen. She had been a servant-girl at first. A young, pretty, friendless girl, alone in London, with no father or mother, "no one to look to but herself," as she said, she had listened to the tale of love from the lips of one in the position of a gentleman. "A gentleman!" I don't think we of the upper classes can at all realize the fascination of that word to many of those poor girls. I remember hearing from a pretty, vacant-eyed, red-lipped inmate of a great orphanage near London, how "one of them" had once made her fortune. How was it? "Oh, she was pretty, and a gentleman had married her;" and so all those fifty or a hundred poor silly bareheaded children were in solemn earnest treasuring the thought that one day each individual "she" might find her feet set in the same road. Do the many "penny awfuls" of which we sometimes hear, foster this pitiful ambition? I have not read them and I cannot tell; but I

do know, what hundreds of poor girls have learned to their cost, how much the name of "gentleman" has cost them.

But to return to my story. Eliza's lover was a young gentleman of good birth, the son of a quiet country rector. Passionately fond of music, and restlessly dissatisfied with his peaceful home, he had given up parents and friends to pursue the then unpopular career of an actor, and was, when she first made his acquaintance, singing regularly at the L— Theatre. He soon discovered that Eliza had a voice worth cultivating, and, perhaps indulging in dreams of a brilliant fortune, procured careful training for it, and an engagement for her at the same theatre with himself. After that they acted together for years, he taking some secondary parts, or perhaps starring it as a feeble Romeo in the provinces; she taking the "singing chambermaids" and other inferior parts. They seem to have been all this time more than ordinarily happy; at all events she on her part loved him with the devotion of a strong, true nature, and they lived the boisterous, careless, happy life of Bohemians and artistes; one day dining at Richmond on turtle and champagne; the next, pawning some cheap jewelry for a week's rent and food. One morning he left her, well and gay as usual, laughing out a hasty farewell as he ran down the stairs to join in some rehearsal. . . . And four hours afterwards he was brought home dead—dead suddenly, of heart disease, in the street. "We had forty pounds in the house that night," she said, as she described how her lover was brought back to her, cold and lifeless. "*And I sat down, and drank it all.*" I just went on and drank and drank and drank until there was no more left. Then, when it was all gone, I went out to destroy myself. It was afternoon, getting on for dusk. I knew that was the time to do it. And I went down the street, towards the river. Sir, I suppose there was something in my face that told what I was going to do, for a woman, a poor woman with an old faded shawl and battered bonnet and ragged shoes, put her hand on my arm as I brushed past her unawares. She stopped me, and I turned and looked at her, and she said: 'For God's sake, what are you going to do?' I answered her, sir, as quiet as I am speaking to you now, 'I am going to do away with myself.' Well, she slipped her arm through mine, and turned me back, and said, 'Just come and have a cup of tea with me first'; and it took me so aback that I went.

It was up a narrow court, into a poor little room, where the kettle was boiling on the fire, and everything very poor-looking, but clean and tidy. Well, she took off my things, and made me some tea, and kept me to sleep with her that night, and never left go of me till next day, when she made me go with her to one of those places where they take poor women such as me; and they trained me, and sent me to the hospital. No, sir, she was not a Bible woman, or anything of that kind. She was only a poor lone woman, making her living by stitching shirts, and such like. But she did me a good turn that night."

"And may God reward her for it!" I breathed.

"Amen, sir."

There was silence for awhile between us, when Eliza had finished her story. Then I spoke again, and briefly told her that I would not dismiss her this time, but would give her another trial; provided that when she felt the well-known "sinking" and craving for drink which comes with such irresistible force upon those who have given way habitually to excesses of that nature, she would come and tell me of it, that I might give her medicine; a tonic, which would enable her to overcome the desire, by stilling the physical craving from which it sprang.

"Thank you, sir," she sighed, in her slow, hesitating way; then looking up to my face with a timid, yet questioning, look, "They do say that women are never cured of it, sir. Men sometimes, but women never."

"Nonsense!" I laughed back cheerily at her. "Don't you believe it, woman. *You* shall be cured, at all events."

And so she was. Years passed, and from time to time, not very frequently; and less and less as time went by, but always as that same sad month came round, Eliza the cook presented herself at my study for "a little more medicine;" though, indeed, the habit being broken, I thought she hardly needed it. Never could she have been detected in the slightest approach to insobriety; and in small households such as ours, any deception was out of the question. She cooked and cleaned from morning till night, held positions of more or less responsibility in the household in times of illness or trouble, and finally got to be looked upon by us as one of that cherished type of old family servants now so rare. Again I repeat—and the reiteration will explain itself hereafter—that there could be no question as to her being perfectly

and entirely cured; she was tried and tested by circumstances again and again, trusted with money, with stores, with the custody of wines and spirits, and never, from that first and last time, failed to justify our confidence in her. Poor Eliza!

PART III.

"Has Eliza come in yet, Mary?"

These words greeted my waking ears one morning as, tired out after a late day's work and journey the day before, I opened my eyes to glance sleepily at the clock on the mantelpiece, and wonder whether I might venture on another "five minutes' doze before turning out into the cold, raw, morning air. A whispered conversation followed, the purport of which I could not catch, and my wife came back into the room, closing the door noiselessly behind her.

"What are you saying?" I murmured, sleepily, looking across with half closed eyes at the clock in the dim light. "What o'clock is it? I cannot see."

"Half-past six."

"Only that? What were you saying about Eliza? Why has she gone out?"

"She has not come in," answered my wife, with a touch of sharpness in her voice. "She has not been in all night."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, sitting bolt upright in an instant. "You surely have not shut her out?"

"Shut her out?" repeated my wife in very aggrieved tones. "I don't know what you mean by that! I can only say that I sat up for her until past one o'clock this morning, and then I really thought it time to go to bed."

"Eliza out!" I repeated, in blank amazement. "I don't understand. When did she go out, and where?"

"Don't you remember that she always goes out on Tuesday evenings to chapel? Well, she went last night, and has never returned!"

"She must have met with some accident!" I exclaimed, jumping up and passing into my dressing-room. "I will dress at once, and go out to inquire."

"I would not be too hasty if I were you, Norman. Remember the woman's former failing. She may have been tempted again, and then been either unable or unwilling to come home. I dare say she will turn up all right this morning."

"I hope so. Still, she may have been hurt, run over, or something. What time did she leave the house?"

"Well, you know that on a Tuesday she always goes round to the fishmonger's, and one or two other places, to pay our weekly bills, and then on to her chapel. She leaves the house as soon as she has sent up dinner, about half-past seven, and the 'chapel' begins at eight, and is over in an hour, so she is at home again soon after nine. Last night she went out as usual, and did not return; but of course she will return this morning. My only feeling about it is that I fear she must have given way to drink, and of course I cannot possibly keep her in the house after this, no matter what excuse she may give."

"Of course not," I replied, shivering as I dressed, and, to tell the truth, somewhat wishing myself back in bed. I should look rather foolish, I thought, if Eliza turned up all safe and sound an hour hence; still, I could guess at no conceivable combination of circumstances which should bring her home blameless, and the sentence fixed itself determinately in my brain, "Whatever the reason is, this time she must go." So I dressed shiveringly, and went out to the nearest police-station, where I told my tale, and requested immediate information should any person answering my description be heard of as brought in drunk, injured, or otherwise *discovered*.

The experienced officer to whom I talked, smiled an indulgent smile as he asked me whether I had ever, while in my service, known Warren to be the worse for drink. "You ought to know it well, sir, in your profession," he murmured, with a judicious mingling of patronage and respect, after drawing from me a reluctant "Once!" "they're *never* cured, *never*. You may depend upon it she got a little overcome last night, and she's sleeping it off now, somewhere; or waiting till the effects has worn off. She'll be with you to-night, sir."

And with that I went away, back to breakfast and to my hospital round, quite expectant as I curtailed a last batch of visits for the sake of returning to lunch, of being greeted with the words, "She has come back."

She did not come; and the night came; and as I sent our man-servant, John, after dark to all the police-stations within reach, and received for answer that they knew nothing of the missing woman, we again grew uneasy and perplexed.

Another day passed thus, the Thursday; and then I began to feel that more active search must be made. "I shall go round to the hospitals and workhouses to-morrow," I said, "and see whether by chance she has been taken in by any of them. So on Friday morning I started on my quest.

Arrived at the gate of the nearest workhouse, I interviewed its porter, sent in my card, and after explaining the object of my visit, "There's such a many comes in here, I couldn't say what sort they be," said the grim Cerberus. The matron, more communicative, gushed in reply, when likewise appealed to:

"It's all right, sir, Eliza Warren is here. Yes, came in the other night; couldn't remember which evening. Come this way." And she led me into a long narrow ward, where some twenty women were grouped together round the fire, or lounged listlessly on their beds.

"Eliza Warren? Some one for Eliza Warren! Where is she?"

The group at the fire parted, and a haggard, toothless old crone tottered forth. "My son? Is it my son John? I've been waiting for him this five-and-twenty years. Are you my son John?" She came up to me with feeble eagerness, and laid one skinny hand upon my arm.

"No, my good soul, I am not your son," I answered, gently, and shook my head at the expectant matron.

"Not here? Is it not her?" she answered, briskly. "Never mind, there's another of them; perhaps she'll be the right one!"

"*Another* Eliza Warren?" I echoed, wonderingly.

"Oh dear yes, sir; in the infirmary. Come this way, please."

"That is it," I thought; "it has been an accident." And I followed her across the court, into a sick ward, this time, like enough to the one where Eliza's meek footsteps had been wont to tread softly from bed to bed, as we ministered together in old "Ward C."

"This one, sir," motioned my guide, pointing to one of the narrow beds. A pale-faced woman this, dark eyed and hollow cheeked: *not my* Eliza Warren. I uttered some exclamation of disappointment, and looked impatiently up and down the row of narrow beds for a familiar face.

"There is another 'Warren' next door, sir," whispered my guide, with unabated affability.

"Another?" I asked, impatiently. "Stop a minute, please, and tell me first, when did she come in?"

"When she came in? Let me see. Here, Goody Truman, can you tell us when old Mother Warren in the next room first came here?"

"Mother Warren?" quavered a cracked voice back at her.

"Let's see? Two years is it? No, three. Nay, I mind it was afore poor Swinney died, and Mr. Shone he were talking about her this very day, and saying how 'twas a'most five year since she were gone."

"That will do, thank you," I answered abruptly. "I see that I should have been more definite in my inquiries, as to whether any of these persons came in during the present week."

The matron, meanwhile, was running her eye down a list of names just brought to her by a subordinate. "One, two, three, five, . . . nine, yes *nine*. There are *nine* women of the name of Eliza Warren on the books!"

I felt as though *my own double* were about to appear before me. Nine Eliza Warrens!

"Did any of these come in during the past week?" I queried, with outward composure and inward bewilderment.

"Let me see"—she consulted her list again—"only the first one whom you saw; the old woman, sir."

"Then I will not intrude further on—the nine! Good-day to you." And with added apologies I took my leave.

I will not weary the reader by asking him to accompany me further in my search, through, first, police-stations, then work-houses, casual wards, refuges, and such like; then hospitals; then prisons. The police took up the case and worked with me, and we all went through a gamut of hypotheses. First, she had been intoxicated, and afraid to return; then, had run away; but no, she was not young enough for the latter supposition, and had taken nothing away with her; she was free to leave our service at any time, so there would be no reason for such a step. Again and again every shred or tittle of evidence was gone over by everybody. Eliza had had her tea with the housemaid "just as usual," had prepared and sent up dinner, and then gone to her room, where her cap and apron, hastily thrown upon the bed as she had doffed them to put on shawl and bonnet, were even now lying. Her box, her clothes, her little knickknacks were all there, scattered about as usual. A morocco-covered daguerreotype of herself on the mantel-shelf proved of inestimable value in our search; it made the round, I believe, of every police-station in London. Well, she left the house, as usual, at about half-past seven, and *from that moment all trace of her was lost*. She had taken two sovereigns in gold, to "pay the books;" its loss did not affect us, for she had more than that amount of wages due in her mistress' hands; and

whether any of it had been paid away, we never could discover. One shop she might have gone to, where, somewhat against her mistress' advice, she had been wont to go weekly for certain comestibles, such as "cow-heel" and sausages, which, she averred, could not be equalled in London.

"I have often begged Eliza not to go to that shop," said my wife, almost tearfully; "it is a low neighbourhood—a dangerous one. I believe that no one's life would be safe who *showed a piece of gold there, after dark.*"

But the proprietor of the said shop, a decent sort of man, averred that he had no recollection of any such person having been there that night, "though my shop were that crowded, sir, being cow-heel night, that I could not say for certain who was in it and who was not."

A pale-faced servant-girl, Rhoda by name, who sometimes accompanied Warren to chapel, was hunted up—but she had not seen her friend since the previous Tuesday, and knew nothing. The minister of the chapel came, to join in the growing questionings, and he too cast his thoughts back to the memorable Tuesday, and traced each worshipper in memory; but of Eliza could remember—nothing! Of course the story became known far and wide, and from Dick O'Farrell, my energetic young disciple, an Irish medical student, who went tearing up and down the streets after dark, and took to haunting Waterloo Bridge at midnight, firmly persuaded that he should thereby make some tremendous discovery, down to our little girls out with their nurse, who peered eagerly round corners and scanned each passing face, "to look for poor Eliza," every one in our own neighbourhood was more or less on the look out. My wife could hardly enter a shop without its proprietor advancing towards her with an air of mystery, and inquiring in a stage whisper, "Has the cook been found, ma'am?" And so days passed by, and grew into weeks; and still the police shook their heads and said, "No clue yet;" and very soon went on to say that it was not now among the living that we might hope to find our poor Eliza.

"In all probability, sir, there has been some foul play," spoke the grave official who was working for us. "The poor woman must have gone to that Shoe Lane to buy cow-heel, and perhaps entered some shop to change one of the sovereigns. It would be quite enough to *show gold* in one of those places—*its possessor would never be seen again!*"

"Then you think that she was—murdered—for the sake of a sovereign?" I queried.

"More than likely, sir."

"But how—in a busy street like that? Surely there are police about, even there, and people cannot be murdered in the open street?"

"Law, sir, you don't know. Why, she might have been drugged first, and taken in somewhere and dispatched, or got too hard a knock by mistake, and so they had to hide it up. Why, there's heaps of murders goes on under our noses and we never knows it. Only the other day I was watching some old houses being pulled down, and when they came to the cellars they found a human skeleton complete, stowed away there—and as I says, that's some poor creature as was made away with, surely, and we shall never know the rights of it."

"Then . . . you think . . . that we should search for *her* body?"

"I've done that already, sir; they have got notice all about the canals and rivers, with a description. And if we find a body that seems likely, . . . I suppose, sir, you can come and identify it?"

"Certainly. Send for me at any time. Good-day, then, policeman."

Some evenings after that, as I was sitting over my after-dinner glass of wine in the dining-room, John came in with a serious face.

"Please, sir, they have found poor Eliza!"

"Found her? Where?"

"In the river, sir. Washed up, somewhere on the Surrey side."

"Who brought the news?"

"A policeman, sir. He is waiting in the hall."

"Show him in here." And he came.

"You have found the poor woman, policeman?"

"We think so, sir."

"What description?"

"A middle-aged woman, sir, decently dressed, black alpaca dress, grey shawl, black silk bonnet with flowers in it . . ."

"Is that correct?" I asked my wife, who had entered the room while he spoke. She nodded silently.

"Laced-up boots," he went on, "good underclothes, no mark on them, a hymn-book in her hand, . . ."

"Yes," said my wife, very gravely, "I think it must be her."

"Did you notice any mark on her hand or arm?" I questioned; for I had forgotten to mention here, what in police description I did *not* forget, namely, a very distinctive mark on Eliza's right arm. Whilst she was at the hospital, her hand had in some way been poisoned, and it was feared at one time that she must suffer amputation; but finally the hand had been saved by letting out the ulcerous matter through long deep gashes made by the surgeon's knife, from the palm lengthways down her arm. This left a certain stiffness in its use, and moreover disfigured it by the long white cicatrices which were left; and these healed wounds were one of our most relied on means of recognition.

"I did not notice, sir. But perhaps you will come with me, and see."

I put my greatcoat on, and went out. It was a long way off; and a sad, sickening sight when reached: a woman, tidy and respectable looking, on her way to chapel apparently, by the book in her hand, everything as was described in the way of dress; but . . . *no scar on the hand*. It was not Eliza!

And this was all we ever knew, about the mystery which had touched us so nearly. Thirty years ago, and I sit in the self-same chair, with the shabby little broken-hinged daguerreotype before me, her box is still under our roof, and even her poor clothes lay waiting in it till they rotted and were cast out, waiting for Eliza's return. It was years, yes, *years*, before we lost the habit of peering into each averted face upon the way-side, of pausing for a moment to watch some passer-by, with the half-defined hope that we should recognize in one of them the quiet homely figure which on that November evening had passed from out our doors for ever.

NORMAN STUART.

N.B.—The above narrative might doubtless have been rendered more thrilling by the addition of some fictitious matter, but I have preferred to give the incident exactly as it occurred, every detail, almost each conversation, having actually taken place exactly as I have here given them.

N. S.

Reviews.

I.—LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN FISHER.¹

AT last we possess a full, accurate and trustworthy life of Blessed John Fisher. We, English Catholics, owe much to Father Bridgett's diligent pen, but what we have now received from him exceeds in our judgment all that he has done for us before. We esteem this book one of the most important historical works which have lately appeared in the English language. Little by little for years past the Archives of the country have been yielding their hidden stores, and Father Bridgett has prepared himself by a diligent study of all that is of value on the subject, to write for us worthily the life of the Blessed man who for his office in the Church, for his renown in Christendom, and for his opposition to the first beginnings of the schism in England, deserves and receives the foremost place amongst the glorious English Martyrs. The festival of the Blessed Martyrs of England is celebrated for the first time with full solemnity on the fourth of this month of May, and Father Bridgett's book appears most opportunely that all men may see what manner of man their leader was, and how he lived and died. No pains have been spared by Father Bridgett that in this most valuable book he might tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of our most illustrious Martyr. He has given us a noble book on a noble theme.

Respecting Blessed John two things are brought more closely home to us than ever as we rise from the perusal of this book: on the one side the holiness of the Martyr, his faith, his constancy, his courage, his nearness to God, his self-devotedness; on the other his clear-sightedness, his ability, his vigour of mind and his learning. As a proof of holiness, it would be difficult

¹ *Life of Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and Martyr under Henry the Eighth.* By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1888.

in all the lives of the saints to find a more charming story than the opening of the Martyr's last day on earth. At five o'clock in the morning he was waked by the Lieutenant of the Tower, who came to tell him that he was to die that day.

"Well," quoth this blessed Father, "if this be your errand, you bring me no great news, for I have long time looked for this message. And I most humbly thank the King's Majesty that it pleaseth him to rid me from all this worldly business, and I thank you also for your tidings. But I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant," said he, "when is mine hour that I must go hence?" "Your hour," said the Lieutenant, "must be nine of the clock." "And what hour is it now?" said he. "It is now about five," said the Lieutenant. "Well, then," said he, "*let me by your patience sleep an hour or two*, for I have slept very little this night, and yet to tell you the truth, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness" (p. 392).

This reminds one somewhat of the story attributed to St. Aloysius, that when called from the midst of a game and asked what he would do if told that he was to die that day, he answered that he would finish his game of ball. Blessed John Fisher was so ready to die that a good sound sleep, for half his time remaining, so that all his faculties might be in good order when he would want them, was his best preparation for death.

Less well known are the details of the saintly life of the Bishop in his diocese. Rochester was the smallest and poorest see in England, but "Fisher used to say that it was safer to have fewer souls and less money to account for, and that he would not desert his poor old wife for the richest widow in England" (p. 61). If there had been a little more of the same spirit among the Bishops, King Henry would have had less hold upon them. *Non habet unde teneatur*, we may say of Fisher; the wrestler had nothing to lay hold of.

"Your library," Erasmus wrote to him, "is surrounded with glass windows, which let the keen air through the crevices. I know how much time you spend in the library, which is to you a very paradise. As to me, I could not live in such a place three hours without being sick" (p. 62).

"To help his devotion he caused a great hole to be digged through the wall of his church at Rochester, whereby he might the more commodiously have prospect into the church at Mass and evensong times."

The Blessed Sacrament he had in his domestic chapel, the inventory of which taken on his apprehension mentions: "A diaper cloth upon the altar, and hanging over it a pix,¹ with a cloth hanging over it, garnished with gold, with tassels of red silk and gold." Father Bridgett notes, and the author of the *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain* is an admirable authority on the subject, that the hanging pix for the Blessed Sacrament, with its silk covering, was almost universal in England before the sixteenth century. There was an altar in the Bishop's bed-chamber, another in the chapel in the end of the south gallery, a third in the broad gallery, and a fourth in the great chapel. On one of them was a St. John's Head standing at the end of the altar, and Father Bridgett wisely calls attention (p. 175) to the indications that "the martyrdom of St. John Baptist had long been to him a familiar subject of contemplation." The holy Bishop, in 1529, said that "the Baptist in olden times regarded it as impossible for him to die more gloriously than in the cause of marriage:" and four or five years earlier, before the question of Henry's divorce had been mooted, he had written that "there were many crimes in appearance more grievous for rebuking which he might have suffered, but there was none more fitting than the crime of adultery to be the cause of the blood-shedding of the Friend of the Bridegroom, since the violation of marriage is no little insult to Him who is called the Bridegroom." We may well suppose that St. John the Baptist was Blessed John Fisher's patron saint. Was it under his invocation, or that of St. John the Evangelist, or, like St. John Lateran's, under both, that he placed his foundation, St. John's College at Cambridge? We suppose, however, that it took its title from the previously existing Augustinian Hospital of St. John the Evangelist on that site.

Father Bridgett traces for us an interesting resemblance between our Martyr and another martyred St. John. Some spiritual letters addressed by Bishop Fisher to Queen Catherine fell into Henry's hands: he put infamous constructions on them, and allowed Cromwell to found on them a series of interrogations as to what the Queen had confessed to the Bishop.

This document [says Father Bridgett], to which too little attention has been paid, sinks Henry to the level of King Wenceslaus and other violators of sacramental secrecy; and, on the other hand,

¹ We venture to propose this punctuation to Father Bridgett, in preference to that which he has given to this entry in the inventory (p. 63).

since it is certain that Henry's hatred towards Fisher was founded on the confidence given to him by the Queen, it places the Bishop of Rochester with St. John Nepomucen and other martyrs of the sacrament of penance (p. 163).

This book, we have said, raises our knowledge of the mental powers of Blessed John. Father Bridgett makes excellent use of the writings of the Martyr, and we borrow one extract, which shows the theological clear-sightedness which enabled him to distinguish between the authors of Protestantism and those whom they misled, the deceivers and the deceived. It was a distinction rarely drawn in those days, though we are familiar enough with it now, and Father Bridgett is well justified in saying that "certainly he who wrote thus would be very pitiful and forbearing in dealing with his countrymen, could he now return to earth." The blessed Martyr thus wrote against Luther :

They withdrew themselves from obedience to the Roman Pontiff either from malice or from pardonable ignorance. And I would rather believe it is the latter, in the case of some at least, as many of the simpler sort who are led into error by interpreters of Scripture such as you, or perhaps have never heard any discussion at all on this matter. And such as those I would not easily condemn, if their separation is due to no depravity of their minds, and if they implicitly believe this truth also, and would believe it willingly, provided they were taught it. But as to those who have separated themselves maliciously, I assert openly that they no more belong to the orthodox Church than the Churches of the Arians, the Donatists or the like (p. 116).

As to the Martyr's vigour, his new historian gives a striking instance, which will serve as a justification, if any were needed, of similar conduct in other English Martyrs in the days of Henry's wicked daughter Elizabeth. The Spanish Ambassador wrote to the Emperor on September 27, 1533 :

As the good Bishop of Rochester says, who has sent to me to notify it, the arms of the Pope [spiritual censures] against these men, who are so obstinate, are more frail than lead, and that *your Majesty must set your hand to it*, in which you will do a work as agreeable to God as going against the Turk.

And on the 10th of October he wrote again :

The good and holy Bishop *would like you to take active measure immediately*, as I wrote in my last ; *which advice he has sent to me again lately to repeat.*

On this Father Bridgett comments :

That the Bishop really sent these messages to Chapuys there can be no doubt, for the ambassador's dispatches are always accurate and truthful. And there is as little doubt that in sending such messages, provocative of foreign invasion, he was doing a thing for which, had it been discovered, he would have been adjudged guilty of high treason (p. 229).

Our author's argument *ad hominem*, to those who might be inclined to find fault with the Martyr for so doing, is very cogent. And he concludes :

If ever it can be lawful for subjects to appeal to foreign aid against a monarch, it was assuredly a righteous and godly appeal that the holy Bishop made at that moment, against him who had been guilty of treason to his Church, tyranny towards his people, adultery to his wife, and was bringing on the land danger of civil war or foreign conquest by disturbing the succession to the Crown (p. 232).

In this book Father Bridgett brings all his forces to bear. His antiquarianism does good service, as when he tells us that by speaking of "his beads," Blessed John means his prayers, for "the word was not yet restricted to rosary-prayers, much less to the material rosary" (p. 347). So again, when he explains for us that *Pâques flories* means Palm Sunday (p. 226), and when he mentions a picture painted for Henry's palace at Hampton Court, which is thus described : "A table of the Busshopp of Rome and the four Evangelists casting stones upon him" (p. 360). And our writer's antiquarian knowledge enables him to describe very forcibly the privation of the sacraments that accompanied in most cases imprisonment in the Tower of London (p. 298). In all Mr. Baily's records of distinguished prisoners in the Tower, there is but one instance in which hearing Mass is even alluded to, and that is the petition (answer unknown) of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, one of Blessed Fisher's bitterest enemies, who asked that a priest might say Mass in an adjoining chamber, binding himself upon his life to speak no word to him. Blessed Thomas More at first was allowed to hear Mass in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, but his daughter Margaret Roper supposes that "they thought it not possible to incline him to their will, *except by restraining him from the church* and the company of his wife and children." Still more appalling was the barbarous and unchristian custom, as Father Bridgett well calls it, of not allowing

criminals to receive Holy Communion before execution. Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, wrote to Cromwell that he had told Lord Rochford "that he must be in readiness to-morrow to suffer execution, and so he accepts it well, and will do his best to be ready. Notwithstanding, he would have received his rights *which hath not been used, and in especial here.*" "To receive one's rights," Father Bridgett explains, "was the usual phrase in that age for receiving Holy Communion, especially at Easter or before death, when it was a *right* or a duty to receive" (p. 299).

Now we must hold our hand, and cease to make quotations. No one should fail to read this book. It is of distinct and great historical value. Nothing could be better done than the way in which the somewhat complicated "evolution" of the schism is told, as far at least as it relates to Fisher. How Henry got himself called "Supreme Head of the Church," what the title meant at first, and what Henry brought it to mean, is fully and distinctly put before the reader. And the moral certainly is *Principiis obsta*. When the clergy in Convocation called the King "Protector and only Supreme Head of the Church of England" (p. 207), before there was any breach with the Holy See, they admitted the small end of the wedge that separated England from Christendom. So again how was it possible that harm should not come from the oath that with the tacit consent of the Pope the Bishops of England took, when they petitioned for their temporalities? It ran :

I, John, Bishop of Rochester, utterly renounce and clearly forsake all such clauses, words, sentences, and grants, which I have or shall have hereafter of the Pope's Holiness, of and for the Bishopric of Rochester, that in any ways have been, are, or hereafter may be hurtful or prejudicial to your Highness, your heirs, successors, dignity, privilege or royal estate.

The words were innocent in their proper meaning, or Blessed John Fisher could not have taken them or the Pope have silently acquiesced in them ; but if they were not idle, the King could, if he chose, plead them against the most solemn obligations of a Bishop. The flood of the Reformation has swept away many an abuse.

One more word to express the ground of our greatest debt of gratitude to Father Bridgett. More than for all the rest we thank him for disentangling for us Hall from Bailly. Dr. Hall

in Queen Mary's time wrote the *Life of Fisher*, and a century later what has hitherto been believed to be that life, was published under Dr. Baily's name. We learn from Father Bridgett that Hall's book has never been printed, for Baily has made such omissions and interpolations that the book published cannot be called Dr. Hall's. Again and again Father Bridgett rejects passages that we have been accustomed to think were Hall's, and he makes us long for an edition of the life of which he has made such excellent use. It is a singular fact that much the same is true of Harpsfield's *Life of Blessed Thomas More*, the original of which we can only distinguish by having recourse to manuscripts. There would not be much left in Roper's *Life of More*, if the passages borrowed from Harpsfield were struck out; but as they stand, there is nothing to mark them: and the same is true of the *Life of More*, compiled in 1599, which was published by Dr. Wordsworth in his *Ecclesiastical Biography*. An edition of Hall and Harpsfield would be invaluable.

Father Bridgett has brought together the fruits of years of reading. His quotations are taken from books of all kinds, and they all fit admirably into their places. Amongst others, Mr. Justice O'Hagan has given a very powerful and most true account of the ancient criminal and State trials in England (p. 363), and it appears just at the right moment in Father Bridgett's book. The author tells us that he thought it hard to be driven from Fisher's College at Cambridge because he had embraced Fisher's religion. He has now the consolation of knowing that no Johnian has ever done anything like that which he himself has done, and that he has raised the best monument that has been raised, or that is likely for many a long day to be raised, to the honour of Blessed John Fisher, the founder of his old College.

2.—LIFE OF BLESSED FATHER JOHN FOREST.¹

Father Thaddeus' *Life of the Blessed John Forest* comes very appropriately with the first celebration of the feast of our English Martyrs. It makes no literary pretension, but is redolent of straightforward and unaffected Franciscan simplicity. Moreover, it contains many facts which have never been

¹ *Life of the Blessed Father John Forest, O.S.F.* By the Rev. Father Thaddeus, O.S.F. Burns and Oates, 1888.

published in England, and not a few that have never been published at all.

Blessed John Forest is one of those who are known to us rather by the splendid and unmistakeable features of a few great actions, than by minute information about his parents, birth, early training, and the host of minutiae from which biographers are so fond of drawing side-lights to illustrate the character and course of life of the men they are studying. We know nothing of Friar Forest's birth, and of his early life this only is certain, that he entered the Seraphic Order at an early age and took the Doctor's cap. But we soon find him in positions that tell much of the worth and credit of the man. He was appointed Confessor to Queen Catherine, and Provincial of his Order in 1525. In all the troubles that ensued he was a marked man, looked to by the one side as a spokesman and pleader, destined by the other as one to be silenced at any cost.

All this is described in Father Thaddeus' pages; there, too, the reader will find the whole story of Friars Peto and Elstow, the delightful letters which passed between Forest in his prison and Queen Catherine, and, most beautiful of all, the letter from the Blessed Thomas Abel and Friar Forest's answer. The account of the martyrdom is chiefly taken from that of Garzias, a Spaniard, of which a Latin translation remains among the Stonyhurst manuscripts. This account, which has never been published before, gives many details not mentioned by other writers, and, as the translator (Father Persons) remarks, "Garzias' testimony is all the more important, as he was a stranger and a guest, living in London at the time."

Not only does the author give a fuller account of the dispute with Latimer than is to be found elsewhere, but he tells us much about the Martyr's prayers, the length of his agony, and other details, which are a pleasant corrective to the heartless comments of the Protestant chronicler followed by Mr. Froude, who noted nothing but the swayings of the Blessed Martyr during the two hours he was burning, and records them as such signs of impatience "as never any man [showed] that put his trust in God."

3.—THE CANONS AND DECREES OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.¹

Messrs. Burns and Oates have had the happy idea of re-editing Waterworth's *Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent*. The volume is a credit to the publishers in every way. Paper, printing, binding, all are excellent, neat, and in the best of taste. May we—before proceeding to notice the book—express the hope that the same handsome treatment may be extended to Waterworth's *Faith of Catholics*, a new edition of which is much wanted? This work is particularly valuable on account of the accurate references given to the editions of the Fathers, and the admirable lists of writers, works, dates of councils, and the like.

In the volume under notice, the general reader cannot fail to be attracted by the extremely well written and interesting history of the Council, which is prefixed to the work of the Council itself. It extends over a third of this handsome edition. The chapters are short but replete with interesting matter and important events; the arrangement is progressive—the story of the vicissitudes and happy termination of the Council unfolding itself by degrees. And the History is as instructive as it is interesting. Moreover it is a necessary introduction; for, as Waterworth points out in his Preface, “without an intimate acquaintance with the debates in the congregations, which prepared for and preceded the public Sessions, it would be difficult, or impossible to form a just and an accurate judgment on the form of words used in several of the most important decrees, especially of discipline and reformation.”

As to the translation of the Decrees themselves, Waterworth aimed at absolute literalness. Yet there are passages or expressions here and there that would certainly bear a rendering which, while perhaps not so literal, would better represent the sense of the original; and the only fault we have to find with this edition is that its editors have not thought expedient to make any change in this matter. We cannot say that the word, *v.g.*, “collection” in Can. 5, Sess. 14—“If any one say that the contrition which is acquired by means of the examination, *collection*, and detestation of sins,” &c., will convey much meaning to an ordinary reader; nor can we think that the words “then at length” in the following passage are a correct translation

¹ *The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent*. Translated by the Rev. J. Waterworth. To which are prefixed Essays on the external and internal History of the Council. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

for *ita demum*: "and, in one who has fallen after baptism, it *then at length* prepares for the remission of sins when," &c. However, apart from a few renderings of this kind, the translation is all that could be desired.

The utility of this work may be pointed out in Waterworth's own words in his Preface—a utility which is as great at the present day as it was forty years ago when Waterworth wrote. He says, "It was also thought that a work of this class would be acceptable and advantageous, not only to the ecclesiastical student, but also to all who may wish to make themselves acquainted with the real doctrines of the Catholic Church, as stated and defined, not by individuals, but by her assembled prelates, secured from error, in matters of faith, by the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit, when thus presenting in Council the entire Church of God. The 'Council of Trent' has been first prepared for press, because that Council is of more immediate use for the present times, as the errors of the innovators of the sixteenth century are there condemned, and the Catholic doctrine is there also stated, on the chief points which still unfortunately separate so many from our communion; and also because the decrees of discipline and reformation, published by that Council, embody the leading principles of Canon Law, by which the Government and polity of the Church are, in great measure, now regulated." Hence the ecclesiastical student will see that the present volume will be a valuable complement to his Denzinger.

4.—ST. PETER, BISHOP OF ROME.¹

How cardinal at the present day is the question of the Roman Supremacy may easily be judged from a statement of Lord Selborne in his *Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*. He writes:

If the Pope were admitted to be by Divine right the supreme, infallible, and absolute governor of all true churches, it might doubtless follow that the rejection of his authority was heresy, and that the sentences of interdict and excommunication pronounced against

¹ *St. Peter, Bishop of Rome*; or, The Roman Episcopate of the Prince of the Apostles. Proved from the Fathers, History, and Archæology, and illustrated by arguments from other sources. By the Rev. T. Livius, C.S.S.R., M.A., Oriel College, Oxford. Dedicated to His Eminence Cardinal Newman. London: Burns and Oates, 1888.

England by Paul the Third and Pius the Fifth, deprived the Church of England of the character of a true church (p. 85).

Yes, indeed ; "if it were admitted," all that would follow. And hence the pertinacious denial and constant rejection by Anglicans of the claims of the Pope "to be by Divine right the supreme, infallible, and absolute governor of all true churches," that is, of the Catholic Church, of all churches in communion with the Apostolic See. But surely the question is not, "whether the Pope is, or is not, *to be admitted* to be the Vicar of Christ and Supreme Ruler of the Church on earth"—and judging of the advisability of making such admission by a consideration of the consequences flowing therefrom ; but "Is it a *true fact* that the Pope *is* the Supreme Ruler of the Church on earth ? and if so, what is our duty in his regard ?" This, we take it, is the only honest way of looking at the question ; and to us it is inconceivable how sincere Anglicans can content themselves with such mere hypothetical grounds of belief, and stake such important issues on an *if*.

The claim of the Papal Supremacy rests of course on the further claim of the Bishop of Rome to succeed to the Supremacy of jurisdiction given by Christ to Peter, and through him, to his successors. Of the arguments from Scripture for this dogmatic fact the learned author of the work before us does not in this volume treat *ex professo* ; though we find a very able statement of the matter in the fifth and sixth chapters of the Third Part. The object of the present book is to give a full and, as far as possible, exhaustive treatment of St. Peter's Roman Episcopacy ; to regard it in all its bearings, and point out the true importance of all its consequences. And we may say at once that Father Livius has performed his laborious task in the most satisfactory manner. We have before us, compiled and brought together from the most varied sources, all the testimonies, whether of friend or foe, of the pen and the brush, that in any way bear on the subject ; the whole being set forth with clear reasoning and lucid statement. But subsidiary to the main fact of the book—St. Peter's Roman Episcopate—we have treated at considerable length, and with great ability, the collateral matter touching St. Peter's journey to Rome, his residence there, the part he took with St. Paul in founding and consolidating the Roman Church, and the martyrdom of the two Apostles together in the Eternal City.² The result is that we

² Introduction, vii.

have in the present work a perfect storehouse of good and very good things in all that regards the Petrine question. Objections are adequately answered, difficulties explained, facts left to speak for themselves; exaggerations are avoided; nothing is strained, or made of more importance than there is warrant for; due weight is given to circumstances. On his treatment of the matter—supplementing the “historical question with arguments and discussions of a moral and theological character,” Father Livius says, in his Introduction :

I hold that any other treatment would be wholly inadequate for the purpose in hand, and philosophically untrue. For the question of St. Peter's Roman Episcopate is one not merely as to the bare actual occurrence of something alleged to have happened in the past—as is that of every other historical event—but is also one of a great *moral* fact. In treating this question, we have to deal, not with some still-born and lifeless occurrence without results, which is no more heard of, but with a complex living fact, informed with moral principle and vitality, that enters into the order of thought and of theological truth, and into the domain of practical conduct, religion, and politics (p. x.).

With this high appreciation of his subject, the author brings great ability, a research apparently indefatigable as it is extensive, and a fairness and temperance in the discussion of his subject that is in striking contrast with the method of dealing of some of our Anglican opponents.

We confess that in a short notice of this kind it is impossible for us to do that justice which a work of such great value demands. Without then pausing to comment on the First and Second Parts of this volume—viz., on the portions treating of the Patristic, Historical, and Archæological evidence, we would wish to give some extracts from that part which has less of the nature of a compilation, and where we see more of Father Livius himself.

In Chapter VII. of Part the Third there are some excellent remarks on “the historical fact of St. Peter's Roman Episcopate in relation to the dogma of the primacy, and to its succession in the Bishops of Rome.” They are so apposite and important that we cannot refrain from quoting them here. Having stated that around the Catholic truth “that the Bishop of Rome has St. Peter's Primacy by Divine right, is found a double group of questions, affording matter for theological discussion,” he proceeds to examine the first group, which contains four questions: (1) Was St. Peter ever at Rome? (2) Did he die

there? (3) Was he Bishop of Rome? (4) Did he hold the Episcopate until his death? On these Father Livius says:

Some authors appear to think that all the above four questions must necessarily be affirmed as vital to the primacy of the Roman Pontiffs; whilst others, more generally, and with better reason, are of opinion that it is enough to affirm the two last alone in order to prove that the Bishops of Rome are possessed of the Primacy by their succession to St. Peter's See. For St. Peter might, in point of fact, have been true Bishop of Rome, though he never set foot in that city; as we know was the case with several Popes—*v.g.*, Clement the Fifth, John the Twenty-second, Clement the Sixth, and Innocent the Sixth, who were consecrated in France, and always remained there. And still less was it necessary for St. Peter's Roman Episcopate that he should have died in Rome. Many Popes and bishops have died away from their sees. But we may go yet further and say that for the Roman Pontiffs to be the true successors of St. Peter in his *Primacy*, strictly and absolutely speaking, there was no intrinsic reason to necessitate St. Peter's being Bishop of Rome, or indeed, his holding any episcopal see at all; and still less his holding the Roman Episcopate until his death.

But here Father Livius points out that this hypothesis is not even "colourably probable either in the light of history or theology," but only mentioned "with the simple view of ascertaining what is, and what is not, intrinsically necessary to establish the fact that the Roman Pontiffs are St. Peter's successors in the Primacy, and for a well-grounded belief in that fact."

The following paragraph we recommend to the consideration of Anglicans—especially those of the Littledalian way of thinking.

In consequence of the Protestant denial of St. Peter's Roman Episcopate, with a view to a further denial of all else that concerns the Petrine privilege, this question has assumed a more distinctively doctrinal character, whilst, at the same time, its dogmatic value, as intrinsically bearing on what is properly of faith, has been, perhaps, both on one side and the other, much over-rated. If Protestants were only more logical in their argument, and more consistent to their professed principles, they would see that the question whether or not St. Peter was Bishop of Rome had no real weight nor any vital importance in their controversy with Catholics on the Papal claims, but that it is a mere side-question, non-essential to the main issue. The only point they have to determine is, What saith the Scripture on these two questions? First, did or did not Christ confer on St. Peter an office of Primacy? and, secondly, Was it, or was it not, His will that such office should be permanent in His Church? In other words, Was St. Peter to have successors in his Primacy? On the answer given to these two

questions depends alone, as far as Protestants are concerned, the whole issue of the controversy respecting the Papal claims. If they decide the question from Scripture negatively, then their doctrinal controversy with Catholics is at an end, and no view that may be taken of the historical question, whether St. Peter was Bishop of Rome, can afford any ground for re-opening the discussion on the score of doctrine. Should their answer to the Scripture questions be affirmative, and they are logical and honest, then there is nothing for them but to confess that the Roman Pontiff is the true successor of St. Peter in the Primacy. For since our Divine Lord willed that Peter should have a successor, and His will must needs have effect, there is necessarily, in point of fact, such a successor, and he can be no other than the Bishop of Rome, for no one else but he ever himself claimed, or was claimed by others, to be Peter's successor in the Primacy; whereas he, on his part, has ever set forth such claim, and such claim has been ever made by others in his behalf. And from these premisses, we say, it follows rigorously, as a necessary truth, naturally evident to all that can use their reason, that the Bishop of Rome, and he alone, is St. Peter's true successor, and has the Primacy. But here, let us observe, the reasoning is complete and the conclusion peremptory, without the point of St. Peter's Roman Episcopate being any factor in the argument. It is, therefore, simply to evade and obscure the main issue, and to throw dust in people's eyes, for Protestant controversialists to go off on such side-questions as whether or not St. Peter was Bishop of Rome.

But "that the Apostle Peter went to Rome, preached and founded the Church there, *was Bishop of Rome*, and held the episcopate until his death, which was crowned in that city by a glorious martyrdom," is a thesis which Father Livius has ably "demonstrated as certain by the testimony of history and other proofs." Indeed, he points out, from the authority of the Councils, and the action of the Church, that "the propositions denying that St. Peter was ever at Rome, and that he suffered martyrdom there, would be branded as 'scandalous, impious, savouring of heresy'"; and

That St. Peter was Bishop of Rome is not only a most certain historical fact, but to be affirmed as a truth appertaining to the faith, so far as it has been implicitly defined by the Church; hence it cannot be denied without manifold notes of censure. . . . We are of opinion, therefore, that such a denial would be censured as "savouring of heresy."

Moreover,

That St. Peter was Bishop of Rome up to the time of his death is most certain as a historical fact. To deny it would not only be a grave error in matter of history, but would be opposed to the general sense

and tradition of the Church. That St. Peter died Bishop of Rome, is, moreover, held to be a condition in the legitimate title of the Roman Pontiffs' true succession to him in that See, a succession which . . . has been implicitly defined by the Church [Councils of Florence and Vatican]. The denial, then, of the proposition in question would, we think, be stigmatized as at least "false and temerarious."

We must satisfy ourselves with these extracts. Needless to say that the book contains copious extracts from the Fathers and Councils. Many extracts, too, are given from modern authorities. Not the least interesting chapters in the book are those giving the "Statements and Views of Anglican writers," dead and living, on the subject in hand; and Father Livius' treatment of Dr. Lightfoot's arguments and method of proceeding are especially worthy of attention.

In conclusion, we must offer our congratulations and our thanks to the Rev. Father Livius on the happy completion of a work which must have entailed immense labour. We wish it the full measure of success it deserves. It fills a gap in our English theological literature; and indeed we know of no book in any language which brings together so much and such useful information on the subject treated. Catholics, in reading *St. Peter, Bishop of Rome*, will not only feel themselves comforted and strengthened in their faith, but will meet with answers to the difficulties so often put forward by Protestants. We join heartily with Father Livius in the

Earnest hope that its perusal may dissipate the error of some of those who are fraudulently told by charlatan teachers, that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome is but guess-work, or a contemptible fable unworthy of credit; and that it may serve, at the same time, to increase the loving devotion of English-speaking Catholics to the Prince of the Apostles, and strengthen their attachment to the Sovereign Pontiff, now happily reigning, Leo the Thirteenth, Supreme Pastor and Head of the Universal Church, Father and Infallible Teacher of all the faithful, Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, as Successor to St. Peter in his Holy Roman See.

5.—MISTAKES OF MODERN INFIDELS.¹

It is always a difficult and dangerous task to undertake a reply to infidel objections. Difficult—because it is easy for the shallow sneerer to make plausible charges which are excellently

¹ *Mistakes of Modern Infidels.* By the Rev. G. R. Northgraves, of London, Ontario, Canada. London: T. Baker, 1, Soho Square.

fitted *ad captandum vulgus*—whereas to answer those charges often requires a great deal of careful explanation quite beyond the ordinary reader. Dangerous—because very often the difficulty will be suggested by the very attempt to answer it. Some one who has never heard of it before may have his faith shaken and his peace of mind upset by some rubbishy objection which somehow takes hold of him and seems to him insoluble. Dangerous again, because unless the answer to the sceptic is solid and scientific it will do more harm than good and injure the very cause it is intended to serve; if it is unintelligible to average readers it will not remove the difficulty. Hence the best advice generally speaking with regard to infidels who attack religion is, Let them alone. But this is a rule which cannot always be observed. When a clever, ready talker like Colonel Ingersoll goes from one city to another, delivering public lectures against all that is most holy, when his lectures are moreover printed in a cheap form and spread wholesale among the masses, it is time for the friends of religion to bestir themselves and make some answer to his blasphemies. In America the harm Ingersoll has done is incalculable. He has an almost preternatural skill in putting a ridiculous aspect on the most solemn truths, and of making fun, in a way that tickles his audience, of all that is most sacred. He also plays the changes with great cleverness on affection and sentiment. To leave him unanswered would seem like a confession of weakness, and it was necessary to provide an antidote for the poison he was everywhere scattering among the masses.

This task has been performed with great success by Father Lambert in his *Notes on Ingersoll*: a further reply has now been issued by Father Northgraves, a Canadian priest. We think that the plan he adopts is the right one; to meet attack by counter attack, to fling back in the teeth of infidels the charge of false assertions and mistakes, that they ignorantly and recklessly bring against the statements of Holy Scripture. Father Northgraves is popular rather than scientific, and his book is of interest rather on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. We hope that it may do a great deal towards defeating the attempts of the clever charlatan who is working such incalculable injury to religion by his clever blasphemies and flippant ribaldry. Father Northgraves' book is strongly recommended by a number of American and Canadian Bishops as "sound in argument, accurate in statement, and moderate in polemical tone."

6.—SONGS OF A LIFETIME.¹

We are glad to be able to introduce our readers to an American Catholic Poetress—Eliza Allen Starr. In her book—*Songs of a Lifetime*—we have the poetical gleamings of what must have been—what still must be—a very beautiful and tender life: for the chief qualities, we think, of these poems are beauty and tenderness; and poems are but the reflection of the writer's soul and being. We do not think many readers on this side of the Atlantic will be in possession of this volume. We will give some extracts, which will best speak for themselves. Perhaps one of the most striking features of Miss Starr's writings—and a very precious one—is the way objects of nature, and flowers in particular, are made to convey high spiritual lessons. Thus, for example, in the verses "To a Pansy:"

But no;
I will not clip your precious graces so!
No mortal grief can claim
This purple, which doth royal Tyrian shame;
And gold from Ophir, virgin gold, has dropt
A tint celestial on the flower best cropt
At early dawn; for, stooping, I espy,
'Neath dropping lid a mild ecstatic eye:
Thy perfume rare
Goes up serenely like the blissful prayer
Of some rapt Carmelite; and, lo! I see
A type of meditative peace in thee.
"Pansies for thoughts"; but thoughts that meekly dwell
In Nazareth's mystery, as in a cell
Hedged in by silent gardens; thoughts that hide
Their myrrh and spices in the open side
Rent by a Roman spear; or thoughts that soar
Where veiled Seraphim adore
The glorified humanity of Him
Before whose wounds created suns look dim;
Or thoughts that wait
Before the shining gate
Where angel guardians meet
Their mortal charges, whose white feet
Are ready for the golden street.

We might quote many more—as "*Sanguinaria Canadensis*," which is extremely beautiful—"The Trailing Arbutus," "The Wild Columbine," "Michaelmas Daisies," "Hepaticas on Palm Sunday," and others. Indeed in this volume there is such an *embarras de richesses* that the difficulty is, what to select for

¹ *Songs of a Lifetime.* By Eliza Allen Starr. St. Joseph's Cottage, Chicago, Illinois, 1887.

extraction. Leaving the *flowers* let us take a few lines from "The Brook :"

The sea ! the sea !
The brook's eternity !
The endless wash of waves upon the beach
This sheltered spot doth reach,
Where flowering elders lean,
And elms from noonday screen ;
And thus, with all its dimpling and its play
Not one bright wave will linger on its way ;
Rippling through quiet glades
Leaping in white cascades,
Yet ever hastening onward to the sea,
The brook's eternity.

The same purity, grace, and elevation of thought pervades the whole volume. There is remarkably good writing up and down in the book. For a further example we may quote a few lines from the poem entitled "Two Saints :"

Beyond the Roman walls
Where Roman sunlight falls
On San Lorenzo's front in pictured gold,
And campanile old ;
Where San Lorenzo on his pillar stands,
The martyr's gridiron in a deacon's hands,
While from his crypt beneath the pilgrim's feet,
His bones exhale a virgin odour sweet ;
Where cypress unto cypress waves,
And cypress avenues long shadows throw
Upon the turf below—
More solemn for the sunshine overhead—
The Romans make their graves ;
Here bring their dead :
Beggar and prince and stranger share
The rapture of the sacred air ;
Share, too, the "Rest in peace" which, under breath
The pilgrim sighs along this field of death.

Such pieces speak for themselves. They unite the qualities that entitle verse to be called poetry—beauty of thought wedded with grace of expression. Moreover, their spirit is entirely Catholic. Such a volume is a real treasure in days when writers, qualified or otherwise, seize upon verse as the channel for the expression of thoughts and sentiments unworthy, not to say irreligious and atheistical.

We cannot close this notice without a reference to the many tender tributes contained in these pages to the memory of the beloved dead. Very beautiful are the wreaths of flowers and

immortelles laid on the sacred resting-places of the dear ones who have passed out of the shadow of this life beyond the veil. If not perhaps one of the most striking, certainly one of the most tender, is that to the memory of a little child.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

The first wee snowdrop of the year,
Just born of April's smile and tear,
With many a kiss we lay to-day
Within a little hand of clay.

The snowdrop touched a tender cheek
Pure as itself, as pale and meek ;
Whereon baptismal grace had lain
In saving showers of heavenly rain.

The blossom, only born to share
The grave of one as young and fair,
May, in this spotless infant's name,
A thought of gentle reverence claim.

Among the white and shining band
Of virgins, who for ever stand
Around the Lamb, supremely mild,
We hope, one day, to see this child.

And we may know him from the rest
Of all the little ones so blest.
By his large brow, so smooth and bland,
And one wee snowdrop in his hand.

With this we close our notice of a volume of poems, which it has afforded us the greatest pleasure to read, and which we hope may soon be well known among all Catholic lovers of poetry on this side of the Atlantic.

7.—LIFE OF ST. BRIDGET OF SWEDEN.¹

Every Catholic knows the *Revelations of St. Bridget*, at least by name, but we fancy that very few know anything of the life of the Saint herself. Yet it is a life of exceptionable interest even among the lives of the Saints. The simple fact that she spent a great part of her life in the world, a loving wife and a fond mother of a family of eight boys and girls growing up around her, brings her holiness home to ordinary mortals far more than if she had spent all her years within

¹ *The Life of St. Bridget of Sweden.* By the late F. J. M. A. Partridge. (Quarterly Series.) London : Burns and Oates, Limited.

convent walls. She is a pattern of domestic holiness, and no ordinary pattern. In the midst of her family life she was united to God with an intimate bond of union such as is rarely found even among God's special friends, and the unseen world was not only the world in which she lived and on which her heart was fixed, but it was, if it be not a paradox to say it, a part of the world of sense to her, her eyes and ears having a continual perception of supernatural things. For instance, as she was passing through a room where a casket of relics had been left unhonoured, "she noticed in one corner a bright light, which she found proceeded from the reliquary. At the same time she heard a voice saying: 'Behold how the treasures of God which are honoured in Heaven are little thought of on earth'" (p. 21). Some of her most wonderful visions were vouchsafed to her as she rode with her attendants. One day her eldest son entered her room with a mortal sin on his conscience, and she at once saw the fatal change that had taken place in his soul. Before her youngest child was born she was suffering great anguish, so that her life was despaired of.

In the middle of the night, when her sufferings were at the worst, the door of her chamber opened, and a lady of wonderful and majestic beauty, clothed in white robes, entered and stood by the bed-side. The nurses and attendants, struck with awe, stepped back and made way for the mysterious visitor, who bent over the sufferer lovingly, and gently passed her hands over her body. In a moment all pain ceased, and as the lady vanished from sight, Bridget was safely delivered of a daughter, who received at the font the name of Cecilia (pp. 28, 29).

After her husband's death she carried out the desire she had always entertained for a life of penance and seclusion, and from this time her habitual state was one of ecstasy, of visions and revelations without number. During all the time that she was compiling the Rule of the Order she founded (the Bridgettines), she was in an ecstasy. Yet her constant contemplation in no way hindered her practical work. During the plague in Italy she was indefatigable in her devotion to the poor. It was she who brought the Pope back from Avignon in 1350, while the miracles she wrought were innumerable. Her death was another of the innumerable instances that men die as they live. St. Bridget was in a state of ecstasy when she died.

This Life is written with much skill and simplicity. The danger of crowding it with revelations is carefully avoided,

though at the same time enough specimens are given to give us an idea of the familiar intercourse of the Saint with the inhabitants of Heaven. We must give one instance. St. Bridget had been charged with the reform of a certain Benedictine Abbey, where discipline was neglected, and the Abbot proud and worldly and arrogant. Our Lady revealed to her the poor Abbot's character.

Our Lady asks: "Tell me what thou seest worthy of punishment in this Abbot." Bridget replied that she had noticed how seldom he said Mass. "He must not be condemned on that account," was the answer, "for there are many on account of the sins they are conscious of having committed, abstain from the daily celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and are not the less dear to me for that. What hast thou noticed besides?" Bridget said that his habit was not according to the poverty and simplicity enjoined by St. Benedict. Again Our Lady has an excuse ready, saying that the force of custom was very great, and that while those who knew any practice to be an abuse were greatly to blame in following it, there were others who had not a full knowledge of the Constitutions and who would be very willing to observe holy poverty if they had not been misled by a long-established custom; so that it was not well to be hasty in judgment. "But," Mary continued, "I will show thee three points in which he is truly worthy of punishment. First, he has yielded to the love of creatures the heart which ought to be wholly given to God. Secondly, after having resigned a moderate property, he now covets that of others: having promised to deny himself, he simply follows his own will. Thirdly, God made his soul as beautiful as an angel's, so that he should lead the life of an angel; whereas it now bears the image of an angel indeed, but of him who fell from Heaven through pride" (pp. 119, 120).

This Life is one of the most interesting of the Biographies in the Quarterly Series. In saying this we are giving it high praise.

8.—LIFE OF ST. WINEFRIDE.¹

Popular belief in the miraculous properties of St. Winefride's Well has survived the change of religion and the decay of faith in this country; the attendance of pilgrims, especially of sick persons seeking health, having never wholly ceased, even in the darkest days and amid the persecutions of the sixteenth and

¹ *The Life of St. Winefride, Virgin and Martyr.* Edited by Thomas Swift, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1888.

seventeenth centuries. In order to stimulate the devotion of Catholics to this great Saint, and excite them to emulate the fervour of their forefathers in imploring her powerful aid in their afflictions whether of soul or body, a new Life of St. Winefride has just been published by Father Swift, S.J., who is at present in charge of the mission at Holywell. This record, besides being written in a more attractive style, is more complete than any which has hitherto appeared, especially in the details given of the Saint's holy life subsequent to her martyrdom, and her blessed death in the convent whither she had retired. It is compiled with the utmost care from trustworthy authorities, and contains ample information with regard to the history of the Well, and the beautiful buildings surrounding it, the transfer of the relics to Shrewsbury, and their loss on the confiscation of the monastery under Henry the Eighth. The Catholic faith was kept alive in the hearts of the humbler inhabitants of Holywell by the Jesuit Fathers, who never ceased to reside there, though subject to annoyance and interference on the part of the Government, which, in the seventeenth century, attempted to prevent the access of pilgrims to the miraculous waters. From a series of miracles, the record of which extends over a period of 1,200 years, some of the most striking are selected, several of these being of quite recent occurrence.

9.—SPECULUM VIRTUTIS.¹

The Order of the Good Shepherd, or as it was originally called, of Our Lady of Charity, was founded by the Ven. John Eudes, in 1641. Not until two centuries later was this Congregation, the object of which is the conversion of fallen women and the management of industrial schools or reformatories for children, introduced into England, through the exertions of Mother Pelletier, of whose exemplary virtues a valuable record is preserved in the unassuming little volume before us.

Of her childish years no details are given; at the age of eighteen, inflamed with the love of God, and anxious to satisfy her longing to labour for the salvation of souls, she sought

¹ *Mirror of the Virtues of the Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier*, Foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers. With a short account of her work in the United Kingdom. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1888.

admission into the Convent of Our Lady of Charity at Tours, where the Religious, suppressed at the time of the Revolution, had formed themselves anew into a Community, though on account of their straitened circumstances the number of penitents they could receive was extremely limited. A few years later she was elected Superior; and it is to her that is due the idea of forming into a community the *Magdalens*, such penitents, that is, who desire to take the vows of religion and pass the remainder of their lives in silence and prayer.

In 1829 the subject of this memoir was sent to found a house at Angers. The building selected for the convent was one which previously to the First Revolution had been occupied by penitents under the direction of seculars, under the name of the Good Shepherd, and this title was accordingly given to the Religious of Our Lady of Charity, on their taking possession of the house. From this centre her charity, like a mighty ocean, overflowed not only to all the countries of Europe, but to the remotest corners of the earth. "I do not wish it said of me," she would say, "that I am French. I am Italian, English, German, Spanish, American, Indian, African, I am of all countries where there are souls to be saved." Ere long, houses of the Order were established in all the five quarters of the world; even the wandering tribes of Ethiopia, Nubia, and Abyssinia being included in the wide embrace of this loving soul.

But it is less with the history of the Order, interesting as are the glimpses afforded to us of it, than with the Spirit of the Order, embodied in the precepts and virtues of this fervent Religious, with which we have now to do; and we heartily recommend the reader, whether Secular or Religious, to look with no hasty glance, but long and earnestly into the *Mirror* where so beautiful an image is reflected of faith and fidelity, of humility and charity, the result of close and intimate union with God. She was often heard to say that the wonderful development of the Congregation came from steadfast adherence to the Church. Before receiving the Holy Viaticum she exclaimed, in presence of the whole Community: "I protest that I die a daughter of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church." And afterwards she added, "My children, always cling to Holy Church." One of the recommendations she gave most frequently was that of teaching the girls or women under their care the Catechism, instructing them thoroughly in the truths of religion, since these

instructions would be to them either a guide accompanying them wherever they go, or a gnawing worm leaving them no peace if they had the misfortune to offend God.

Humility [she said] should be the first duty of a Religious of the Good Shepherd. O my dear daughters! if you were truly humble, what valuable religious you would be! You would be golden religious! If our holy Rule does not require of us great austerities, it imposes on us instead the obligation of being truly humble. . . . Without humility, it is impossible to found a house, or even to govern a class of children well, much less a class of penitents; for we must be humble in order to draw down on ourselves and them graces from the Heart of Jesus. When I was Mistress of Penitents, I found by experience that the more indocile they were by nature, the more rude and ignorant, the more necessary it was to treat them with gentleness and consideration, to win them to God. Let humility produce charity in us; and instead of despising these poor victims of sin, let us remember what St. Augustine says: that there is no crime, however great, that another has committed which we too might not commit, were we not prevented by the grace of God (pp. 57—59).

Nor did she fail herself to practise the virtue she inculcated on her subjects, for when petitioning the Holy See for permission to have a Superior General we are told—

Thirteen letters had been written to Rome against our Mother, and she was advised to defend herself; but after consulting God, her only support, she preferred to be silent, and abandon herself entirely to Divine Providence. She excused her assailants, saying that in acting thus they thought they were doing their duty. God blessed the humility of His servant. One day Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, asked Cardinal de Gregorio how many letters had been written against Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia. "Thirteen, Holy Father," replied the Cardinal. "What reply has she made?" continued the Holy Father. "None," answered the Cardinal. "Then," said the Pope, "she has truth on her side." His Holiness then determined to grant a Superior General, and caused a Brief to that effect to be drawn up without further delay (p. 54).

Nor did the persecutions which she had to endure, consisting mostly of opposition to her plans for the good of souls, disapproval and reproaches from persons she loved and honoured, do otherwise than increase within her patience, humility, and confidence in God. In the house over which she ruled, inhabited by eleven hundred persons in its several divisions, among whom were more than three hundred religious of different

nationalities, eighty Magdalens, two hundred penitents, and hundreds of children, the most perfect order and harmony reigned. Her unbounded love for penitents forbade her to refuse admission to a single applicant, and she thus expressed her joy at beholding the life of grace revive in their souls.

How often the piety of these souls who have returned to God and are sincerely converted, has touched our hearts and even brought tears to our eyes ! I have known one of them to remain in prayer for two or three hours together, with perfect recollection ; another appeared to me never to commit a wilful fault. Four Magdalens, fearing to fail in perseverance, prayed that they might die, and obtained their petition, for they were soon after called to Heaven. The good and fervent dispositions in which our penitents die, encourage and strengthen us to continue our work without allowing any obstacle to deter us. What a consolation it is to think, when we close their eyes, that they will open them to the brightness of Heaven ! (p. 50).

Space forbids us to select for our readers any more of the gems with which this casket abounds ; it only remains to say that the short account of the foundations of the Good Shepherd in this country adds a special interest to the English version of this little book. It was entirely owing to Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia that in 1840 a house of the Order was established in London ; and when we read of the humble commencement of the work which the nuns of the Good Shepherd are now carrying on so successfully amongst us, we see how abundantly it has been blessed by God, as is the case with all the numerous foundations which this fervent and energetic Religious was instrumental in establishing.

10.—THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER.¹

This book is written in an excellent spirit, and with a wholesome hatred of Paganism and its results. It points out one by one the various evils prevalent in the heathen world, and contrasts them with the spirit of Christianity. The moral condition of the ancient world, the position of women, the degradation of the masses, the selfishness, the lust, the shameless luxury, are put forward in turn. The horrors they produce, and the way in which Christianity remedied the evil, are clearly

¹ *The New Social Order.* By John Fordyce. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

stated, and illustrated by quotations from modern, and to a great extent from sceptical authors.

Mr. Fordyce is a well-meaning man who believes that Christianity is the only hope for men. Yet he ignores the only religion that is really Christian, and does not seem to be aware that all that he loves and admires and esteems is the offspring of the influence of the Catholic Church, and that where her influence has been weakened or destroyed, there has been a gradual and steady return to the evils and the degradation of Paganism. The unsophisticated reader of his pages would be led to imagine that Christianity was only just beginning to regenerate the world, and that the new social order was in its infancy. The fact is that Mr. Fordyce is a very unsophisticated writer. He lives in a little world of his own—a curious little world of a very small set of facts and a very small circle of modern Protestant writers. As we see his book is dated from Belfast, perhaps the explanation of his peculiarities is to be found in the prejudices and isolation of the Irish Protestant.

This explains another curious trait. He has no idea that almost all that he has said has been said many times before. He seems to fancy that he has struck a new and brilliant idea, and shows no trace of any acquaintance with Döllinger's *Gentile and Jew*, in which he would have found all that is contained in his little book far more forcibly stated, and the real solution given for the social problem which he proposes. We should strongly recommend him a study of the means that the Catholic Church employs for the regeneration of society. He has good instincts, a love of all that is pure and of good report, and a consciousness of the evils to be encountered and the difficulties they present. But, as long as he quotes Farrar, Matthew Arnold, and Lecky, and other Protestant writers, as authorities on Christian topics, he will never arrive at any really effective method of raising the fallen, and raising the masses, but will find that those whom he cites are either picturesque rhetoricians who say pleasant things about Christianity with a good-natured but sceptical smile, or else are enthusiasts whose remedies, however well-intentioned, do but touch the surface of the deeply-rooted disease they seek to cure.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE rejoice to see the Carthusians coming forth from their holy solitude in Mid-Sussex to promote the Devotion to the Holy Mother of God. Dom Rouvier, Prior of the Chartreuse at Montrieux, published, about forty years ago, a complete novena or preparation for the festivals of our Lady.¹ It has proved a great success in France; more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold, and the Devotion that it recommends has been enriched by Pope Pius the Ninth with very liberal Indulgences. The Novena seems to have an extraordinary power to rekindle devotion to our Lady in parishes where it has been neglected. It consists of a series of meditations for the Novena, followed by spiritual readings for each day or a collection of extracts from the holy Fathers in praise of the Blessed Virgin. We hope that this Novena may be made by many English-speaking Catholics, and that it may tend to kindle that devotion to Mary for which England was once famous, and which now, after centuries of neglect, seems to be springing up once again even among those who are still strangers to the Church of God.

When the Sacred Congregation of Rites was asked whether the antiphon of the Blessed Virgin should follow the Office of the Blessed Virgin, its answer was in the affirmative, as too much praise could not be given to her. And so we say of the multiplication of books that spread devotion to her. Year by year as the Month of Mary comes round, the new books for the month appear, and the faithful are never tired of the theme. Among those that are published this year, in time to help

¹ *A Complete Novena in preparation for the Festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* By Dom L. M. Rouvier, late Prior of the Chartreuse of Montrieux. London: Burns and Oates.

us to keep Our Lady's month, we have *Maria Magnificata*,² one of the useful and acceptable publications of the Catholic Truth Society. No devotion to our Lady can be solid that is not founded on a knowledge of her virtues and her power, and meditation is the manner by which that knowledge is assimilated into our daily lives. In this little book we have short and clear points of meditation for each day of the month, and we hope that many of our readers may be tempted to make use of them. Its three dozen little pages may be bought for a penny.

Among the little books for May is one translated from the Italian, and entitled *Ave Maris Stella*.³ It consists of a series of Meditations on the different lines of the Hymn after which it is named. The Meditations are very short and simple, and each of them is enforced by an example and followed by a pious practice and ejaculatory prayer. It will impart to all who use it an increased devotion in the recital of Our Lady's Evening Hymn.

*The Little Book of Our Lady*⁴ begins with some words by Dr. Hedley on the Rosary, which are followed by an account of various Devotions in her honour, and feast-days on which her glories and privileges are celebrated. It ends with a Novena in honour of her Immaculate Conception.

Few lives are more uneventful in the eyes of men than that of St. John Berchmans, and few present a picture of such angelic purity and spotless sanctity. As a child his exemplary piety and rare innocence distinguished him from his companions, leading to the belief that he was destined for the ecclesiastical state. At the age of seventeen years he entered the Society of Jesus, and during the five years which elapsed before his death no one, either his Superiors, Professors or companions, could detect in him the slightest imperfection. In fact on his death-bed one of his greatest consolations was that he had never committed a deliberate venial sin during the whole of his life. Walking continually in the presence of God, careful to conceal from men the mortifications he practised, watchful never to infringe a single rule, he enjoyed an interior peace which nothing could

² *Maria Magnificata*. Short Meditations for a month on Our Lady's Life. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *Ave Maris Stella*. Meditations for the Month of Mary. From the Italian of the Rev. Canon Agostino Berteu. Translated into English by M. Hopper. London: Burns and Oates.

⁴ *The Little Book of Our Lady*. A History of some of the Devotions and Days allotted to her by the Church. London: Burns and Oates.

disturb, and which was reflected on his countenance, the very sight of him sufficing to awaken in others the love of purity and virtue. No wonder then that the author of the interesting sketch before us⁵ proposes him to the scholars of our colleges and to the novices of the Society as an example of the highest virtue, bidding them invoke his intercession as that of a second Aloysius.

It would hardly be possible to find a book more suitable to place in the hands of First Communicants than the little volume M. Allègre has provided for them.⁶ The first part contains the Ordinary of the Mass, Vespers, and some short acts for use before and after Communion; the second part consists of some very beautiful instructions addressed to children who are preparing to approach the Holy Mysteries for the first time. We may almost say that a celestial fragrance pervades these instructions, which will be found useful and edifying not to children alone, but to all who desire to receive our Lord with profound affection and salutary fear. Both elevating and humbling, encouraging and touching, they impress the reader with a deep sense of his great responsibility as well as of the immense privilege vouchsafed to him, while they are couched in language so simple as to be well within reach of the youthful intelligences for which they are principally intended. The third part contains some graceful and interesting stories in connection with First Communion, illustrative of the graces and favours bestowed on its recipients.

On the occasion of a First Communion every friend and relative likes to make some little present to the first communicant as a souvenir of the joyful occasion, and many First Communicants receive prayer-books on that day *usque ad superabundantiam*. Dr. Keller has had the happy thought of compiling a number of stories of First Communicants, and Messrs. Benziger have published them in a beautiful little volume,⁷ which will be a very suitable gift-book for those who for the first time receive the Bread of Angels. They comprise all kinds of stories of First Communions, of First Communions of Saints and of sinners, of Kings and peasants, of old men and of

⁵ *St. Jean Berchmans, S.J. Sa vie, ses vertus, et ses miracles.* Par François Deynoodt, S.J. Bruxelles and Paris, 1888.

⁶ *Le Jour de la Première Communion.* Par M. le Chanoine Allègre. 2me Edition. Paris: Delhomme and Briguët.

⁷ *Stories for First Communicants.* Drawn from the best authorities. By Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Keller. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

children, stories of warning, stories of encouragement, stories of miracles wrought, stories of sinners converted, and one and all stories which we can strongly recommend to our readers as suitable and instructive for those who are about to make, or who have lately made, their First Communion, as well as to all who take an interest in pious and edifying anecdotes.

A similar little volume,⁸ issued by the same enterprising publishers, on the Ten Commandments and the Sacraments, is a reprint of the well-known treatise of St. Alphonsus Liguori. It is an admirable collection of all that ordinary Christians ought to know respecting the obligations laid upon them by the various commandments. Full of striking stories, the preacher and missionary will find it an admirable compendium of what ought to form the substance of instructions to be given to the people. The concluding instances of the melancholy results of bad confessions are somewhat alarming, but the Saint knew well the danger from which he thus desires to deter the young and inexperienced by instilling into them a wholesome dread of the judgments of God.

Among the pleasant memorials of the Papal Jubilee is a series of letters from the Editor of the *Tablet*,⁹ collected together and bound into an elegant quarto volume. Many of our readers will have perused them with interest in their original form, but in their present shape they will be a permanent memorial of the joyful era in which the writer took part. The style is easy and graphic, and many amusing details of his visit are mixed up with more serious subjects. The lady who brought her badge of the Primrose League to be blessed by the Pope deserved to be immortalized, only we wish that we had been told whether she really presented it or not. The good friar whose picture follows that of the Pope at the beginning of the book, and whose method of doing the Divine Will is the extraction of the teeth of all comers, in a little room on the bridge of the Neati do Capi, is also very justly commemorated. But these playful trifles are but the sets-off to the serious narrative of the Jubilee which is still fresh in the memory of the world.

The Hylomorphism of Thought-Being¹⁰ is, as its name indicates, an attempt to explain the origin of conceptual

⁸ *Instructions on the Commandments of God and the Sacraments of the Church*. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

⁹ *Jubilee-Tide in Rome*. By J. G. Cox. London: Burns and Oates.

¹⁰ *Hylomorphism of Thought-Being*. Part I. Theory of Thought. By Rev. Thomas Quentin Fleming, formerly Professor of Mental Philosophy at St. Alban's, Valladolid. London: Williams and Norgate, 1888.

representations of external objects, by the principles of matter and form, of which such objects according to the philosophy of St. Thomas are composed. The suggestion is ingenious, and, so far as we know, quite novel. The writer indeed is not merely well acquainted with the psychology of St. Thomas, but has evidently thought much upon his subject. It is, however, impossible to compress into a short pamphlet a new theory concerning the origin of ideas; and, moreover, we notice an obscurity both as to method and the use of terms, which puzzles even the trained student of psychology, to say nothing of the ordinary reader. For instance, the terms *intrinsic possibility* and *actual possibility* are both used as equivalent to possibility *which has been reduced to act* (pp. 27, 28); the *ἐνέργεια* of Aristotle is rendered *energy*, and *δύναμις* *power* (p. 53); the determination of the faculty, called by scholastics the *species impressa*, is called an *idea* (p. 13); and the concept is stated to be alone the immediate object of the mind's action (p. 96). This last statement could of course be admitted with due limitations; but, as it stands in the context, it appears to favour a theory of cognition which is not only at variance with the teaching of psychology but also contrary to all experience. We hardly think that the main thesis of the work is established, but there are in it here and there well written and suggestive passages.

An Old Man's Story,¹¹ narrated by an aged priest, is one of pathetic interest. We believe few will read it without a rising tear. The way whereby God leads the souls of men out of the shadow of darkness into His marvellous light, is almost invariably in a greater or less degree a *via dolorosa*. In the instance before us the inestimable treasure of the truth was purchased at the cost of more than usual suffering and sacrifice. Indeed the whole life of the narrator was one of self-renunciation and struggle from the time when his noble-minded mother, on finding from the accidental discovery of some documents that the estate she held was not hers by right, resigned to strangers the happy home of the family, up to the time of his reception into the Church, nay to the very end, troubles came thick and fast upon him. More bitter than adversity, poverty, and cruel persecution was the ingratitude of his fondly cherished foster-son, who, confided to his care by a favourite sister on her death-bed, had been for seventeen years the idol of his affections, the

¹¹ *Bertie*. *An Old Man's Story*. By Ernest J. Stuart. London: Washbourne, Paternoster Row, 1888.

object for whom he had laboured. But amid his sorest trials, the "Old Man" ever speaks with thankful emotion of the joy and peace he found in believing. In this simple and touching narrative, every incident in which will be followed with unwavering interest, the leading errors and deceits of the Ritualists are exposed as they only can be by one who has broken through the meshes of the net they subtly weave to ensnare unhappy souls.

II.—MAGAZINES.

A review of the history of Norway in Catholic times, which has been lately published and forms the subject of an article in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, proves that in Norway, as in other lands, the result of historical research cannot be otherwise than favourable to the Church of God. The Protestant historian is compelled to admit what the Protestant theologian denies, namely the beneficial influence exercised by the true faith upon the people during the centuries which preceded the almost total extinction of its light in Scandinavia. The author of the work in question asserts that the piety of the Norsemen consisted in external observances, but he fails to prove his point: they were faithful Catholics, under the guidance of zealous clergy, both regular and secular, who performed their duties irreproachably. It is admitted that the God-fearing character of the nation at present is a product and relic of Catholic times. In a former number of the *Stimmen*, Father von Hammerstein showed that the tendency of the religious teaching in the schools of Germany was to lead the scholars either altogether to reject Christianity, or to satisfy their thirst for truth at its right source. In order to guard against this latter alternative—more to be dreaded than the former—the text-books authorized by Government, from which quotations are given, are filled with calumnious misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and the stereotyped abuse of Rome. Father Baumgartner contributes a description of the large and beautiful churches and convents in St. Petersburg. These numerous and splendid buildings form a striking contrast to the churches of Iceland and Norway, sparsely scattered and poor as a peasant's cabin, to which he lately introduced his readers. The ornate ritual and rich decoration, centering as it

rightly does around the Blessed Sacrament, only makes the Catholic deplore more deeply the chaos which separates him from his Russian fellow-Christians, who refuse their allegiance to the Supreme Pontiff.

The *Katholik* for March devotes a large proportion of its space to a review of Cardinal Pecci's excellent and able treatise on the influence of the Divine will on human actions, wherein he refutes the erroneous theories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which speak of a two-fold influence exercised by God over man's free will, that of *præmotio* and of *prædeterminatio*, showing them to be at variance with St. Thomas' teaching. Strict adherence to the doctrine of St. Thomas is urged, since the chief cause of obscurity and error in theology is deviation from the paths he traces out. The conclusions to be drawn from the Cardinal's lucid and powerful arguments are clearly and concisely enounced in the form of propositions by the writer of the article. The history of Lauds and Vespers is continued; it is interesting to note how the enlargement of the Divine Office kept pace with the growth and gradual development of the Church in the early centuries of her existence; collects, antiphons, lections and hymns being introduced with the sanction or by order of Popes and Councils. Psalmody is almost a necessary, at least an unfailing accompaniment of prayer, and in the fifth century the sacred hymns were added to the canonical hours, not so as to constitute an integral part of the whole, but to be sung at the commencement and close. The *Katholik* also contains a second instalment of the essay on the attitude St. Ambrose assumed in regard to the rights of the Church. It treats of his activity in enforcing ecclesiastical discipline and the right administration of Church property, in maintaining the prerogatives of the Bishops, defining the duties and functions of priests and deacons, and endeavouring to make the clergy mindful of their high calling and watchful pastors of the flock, whilst claiming for them the immunities and privileges granted by the Emperors.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (907, 908) calls upon us to thank Divine Providence for having given to us in Leo the Thirteenth a Pope who exercises his apostolic ministry with such signal benefit to the Church; whom the gifts of nature and grace combine to render an exceptionally able and skilful ruler. The *Civiltà* reviews the state of the Church and society when he assumed the tiara. His position was surrounded with difficulties; he

was without an army, without resources, without human support. All the Governments were openly hostile or unfriendly to the Papacy; a false scientific and philosophic teaching spread poison abroad and fomented social disorder. Leo the Thirteenth re-established Thomistic philosophy in the schools and colleges; he conciliated the foreign powers; he reasserted his claim to be the Head of Christendom; he resisted the attacks and scorned the menaces of the Italian Government; and the homage paid him at his Jubilee is the triumphant justification of his policy. A request for further elucidation of the question of the law of nations and the rights of landed proprietors, leads the writer from whose pen a very excellent article on this subject recently appeared in the *Civiltà*, to add some further remarks, which form an answer to an essay published last year in an English periodical, entitled "The theology of land nationalization." He points out that the jurisdiction of the State extends only to the rights of men as citizens, thus it has no power to abolish private property, the right to hold which is not social, but individual; not derived from the civil but from the natural law, and therefore anterior to and independent of the State. The readers of the *Civiltà* will remember mention being made of an Anti-Masonic League, which was highly approved by the Holy Father. This association has nowhere spread so rapidly as in Spain; in fact its success in that country has been such as to call for a manifesto from the "Lodges," inviting their members to exert their influence more strongly in combating Catholicism, and protesting against compulsory religious instruction in the schools. The description of the Jubilee offerings in the Vatican Exhibition is continued; and the various objections urged against the reform of Church music form the topic of another article.

The opening article in the *Études Religieuses* for April is by Father de Bonniot, on the *Iconography of Possessions*. A French doctor has had the singular idea of collecting and publishing, either by description or in *fac simile*, all the pictures which represent the cure of demoniacal possession; his object being to prove that the supposed cases of possession—including those recorded in the Gospels—are merely manifestations of that mysterious malady, hysteria. We are glad to glean from the pages of the *Études* some particulars respecting the Blessed Grignon de Montfort, a man of strong individuality and immense zeal, who left his mark on the localities where he lived and

energized. Father Straub contributes an interesting article on the Divine will in regard to the salvation of infants, wherein he justifies and explains the thesis he established in a German periodical, and to which some objections have been raised. The question he answers is this : Is it possible that the will of God for the eternal bliss of every infant born into the world can be real and sincere, since He makes it dependent on Baptism, and permits that, through circumstances His omniscience foresees and His omnipotence could avert, numbers should die unbaptized ? A short sketch is given of the work of evangelization of the negroes, carried on by the sons of St. Ignatius in Africa. The hope is expressed that the exploration of the "Dark Continent" may open a way for the missionaries, and facilitate this difficult and laborious apostolate, which has been continued for more than four centuries at the cost of much toil and the sacrifice of many lives.

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